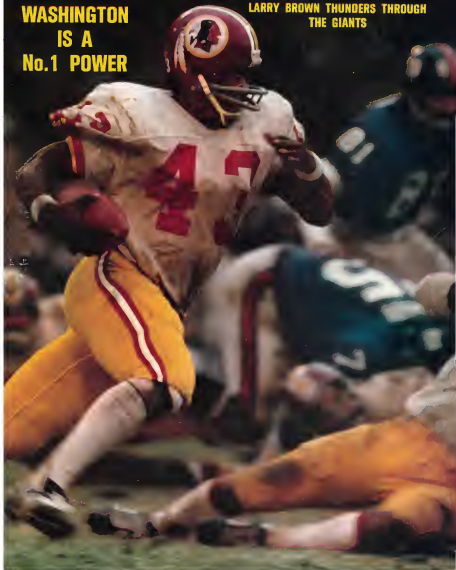


# Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 6, 1992 60 CENTS

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## Next

A RUNNING COMMENTARY by Tex Macle touches on Floyd Little of the Denver Broncos and other ballplayers who are pulling the feet back into professional football.

THE RIB-CRACKINGEST auto race of all time is Mexico's Baja 1,000, an annual madness that thunders the length of Lower California. Robert F. Jones watches as the cars fly by.

ONE TERRIBLE BEAUTY is back and doing good—good works, that is. The Sugar Ray Youth Foundation, the boxer says, is his destiny, and "I can't tell you the happiness."



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Los Angeles

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# BOOKTALK

Here comes a ton of tennis books, some of them to be welcomed with open arms

The tennis centennial and the tennis boom are upon us, and since any centennial or boom is inevitably accompanied by a litter of books, we can expect to be inundated with court literature in the months ahead. Let us hope the first wave is a sample of what to expect because I have examined three big expensive tennis books and, to my surprise, must commend every one of them.

If you can stand this, the cheapest of the three (\$11.95 through 1972, then \$13.95, Harper & Row) is the *Official Encyclopedia of Tennis*, which has 470 pages, 250 illustrations and was edited by the United States Lawn Tennis Association. Is it damning the book with faint praise to say that it is surely the best thing the USLTA has ever done?

No matter, it is a masterful, thorough job, including every conceivable fact of tennis—or *sporsiniks*, as the game was originally known. The volume is a perfect introduction for the beginner or the complete reference for the completist fan. (One small note: I have borne witness of the 1967 Wimbledon championships and know damn well who Billie Jean King beat as the finals that year, and it was not Maria Bueno, who is listed as the runner-up in the *Official Encyclopedia*, that was Ann Haydon-Jones. I hope this is a lonely error, but it is important because *Official Encyclopedia* ought not to be official and are not an encyclopedic unless they are also very, very accurate.)

The book leaves nothing to the imagination. For example, photographs show how players should spin a racket to determine serve. There are rules, rankings, records, biographies, etiquette, technique. There is even some sort of Dear Abby advice: i.e., "Tips for Parents: 'Display your child's trophies (but) if someone comments on them, thank them but do not then proceed to identify every cup and medal.'"

As a group—and with the possible exception of distance runners—tennis players write more often and with more determination than any other athletes in the world, and would have you believe they are more literate as well. The *Forensic Book of Tennis* (Simon & Schuster, \$14.95) does include the selectests of many players but mercifully features larger doses from other sources. It contains, for the record, several of my own pieces. Let me assume that this would color my thinking about the whole book, be assured that my name was misspelled in every instance.)

Readers probably do well to feel instantly suspicious of all things that call them-

selves fireside collections—as well as of memory lanes, together-again and all titles that begin *My Favorite . . . or 1,001 . . .* But this fireside collection is charming, an unpretentious crazy quilt that gives skimming a good name. Homely little first-person accounts rest side by side with slick magazine pieces and spare newspaper deadline accounts. We have, for example, the poignant recollection of Tony Wilding saying good-bye to Norman Brookes, his Davis Cup teammate, at the World War I front and riding off to his death on a motorcycle—followed immediately by the dry, technical account of the 1919 championships.

The pieces were collected by Peter Schwed, an editor, and Allison Danzig, the retired *New York Times* writer who, luckily, has been prevailed upon to include many of his own stories. His account of the Tilden-Cochet match of 1926 is the second most thrilling piece of business in the whole anthology, the first being Al Lane's article about the famous Suzanne Lenglen-Helen Wills meeting at Cannes that same year.

This collection shows, in fact, that people wrote about the game of tennis much better a generation ago, though writers did not catch the personalities so well then; the emphases are apparently quite apart. Only Tilden among the oldtimers comes across with much depth of feeling (though no writers dare even hint at his homosexuality), wonderful characters like Mlle. Lenglen and Maureen McLoughlin remain only clichés, the Maid Maerel and the Flame-Thatched California Comet. Oh, well, maybe that is for the best.

A few years ago John McPhee wrote the excellent tennis book *Leaves of the Game*, and he returns now with *WIMBLEDON: A Celebration* (Viking, \$14.95) but it is a different effort altogether. McPhee is only out to sketch Wimbles dune theme of the Savon) to patch up an impression of the world's championship. Alfred Eisenstaedt's photographs are included to complete the image and to get the book out of the library and onto the coffee table.

Obviously, McPhee is making no effort to be definitive or even ordered, but still I think he made a mistake in not paying more attention to the past—the tradition, the heritage and what have you. He has such a keen eye for the place and the people and writes so well, however, that he brings off what he tries. Curiously, and most uncharacteristically, McPhee does get strangely precious at times. Donald Dell and Jack Kramer, I am afraid, "set up until three a.m. every night picking lint off the shoulders of chaos"—but many of his insights and vignettes are simply, genuinely right.

Tennis is a fetching game that usually gets atrocious coverage in the U.S. These books can, each in its way, help correct that image.

—FRANK DEFORD

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

## AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN

After Jackie Robinson's death last week, one of our baseball writers was moved to observe:

"I met Jack many times, first when he was a ballplayer, later at various sporting and social functions. I had absolute respect for him, but each time I met him he seemed vaguely contemptuous of me. In truth, he almost certainly did not remember me particularly from one meeting to the next and had no special feelings one way or the other. But even when he was quiet he seemed to bristle with truculence, be inwardly steaming with repressed anger that might flare up at any moment. He never gave smooth, easy answers to questions, never resorted to the slick and the obvious. If you asked him something, he looked at you directly as if to challenge the motive behind the question. He had a passion for truth, for what he felt was the truth, and he could be a bit frightening at times. But he was always impressive. And refreshing. I don't remember ever talking to anyone else quite like him.

"He was unique on the ball field, too. In most of what has been written and said about him since his death, his talent as a ballplayer has been curiously obscured. He was the most aggressively exciting player of my experience. Ty Cobb was before my time, but I saw Babe Ruth and DiMaggio, Musial and Willie Mays, Aaron and Ted Williams. Robinson's statistical record seems meager compared with theirs, but if all of them were somehow playing on the same team I have no doubt that Robinson would be the dominating figure. He made things happen. He was an extraordinary man."

## THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE

Despite—or possibly because of—the unwilling rigidity of their government, Russians often possess a lively sense of humor. Last week they reported another world record for the Soviet Union.

A Russian engineer, they said, had given up smoking 37 times in one year, breaking the old record of 30 held by America's Mark Twain.

## RICH NAME

Buffalo finally put aside its favorite sport, which is arguing, and got to work building its new 80,000-seat, \$126 million stadium. Although the new arena is supposed to be ready for the 1973 football season, Buffalonians watching work progress were uneasy because they just don't feel right unless they are squabbling with one another. Relief came when the question arose as to what the new stadium should be named. In the old days you could settle for calling it after Millard Fillmore or Douglas MacArthur, but nowadays commerce comes into it. The New England Patriots, for instance, play in Schaefer Stadium, which is supposed to remind patrons to buy that brand of beer. In Buffalo, Rich Products Corporation, which has plants in Canada and Europe as well as in the U.S., offered Erie County \$1.5 million over 25 years if the facility were named Rich Stadium. Actually, the company wanted the name to be Coffee Rich Stadium, after its best-known product, but opposition to this as maybe an overly hit too commercial moved the company to modify it.

Erie County Executive Edward V. Rigan said he was against the Rich name in any form and wanted the place called Erie County Stadium. His argument was that "the combination of civic pride, nationwide identification and recognition that would accrue with a civil name" would be worth at least as much as the money the county would receive annually for accepting Rich Stadium as the name. County legislators argued right back that the stadium was a commercial venture and that the name should be considered part of its commercial aspect. In fact, the legislators passed a resolution last May that the sale of the name should be pursued, and during the summer the

Chamber of Commerce was asked to round up some companies that might be interested. Merchants Mutual Insurance Company of Buffalo, the Erie County Savings Bank and Schaefer indicated interest, but when formal-bid time came only Rich Products put an offer on the line. Ralph Wilson of the Buffalo Bills said belatedly he would match the bid if the place were called Buffalo Bills Stadium.

If Wilson is bypassed and the original bid accepted, Buffalo should relax and count its blessings. Commercial it may be, but Rich Stadium is a little easier to take than Merchants Mutual Insurance Arena or Erie County Savings Bank Park.

## THINGS THAT GO BUMP

The manufacturers of the Alfa Romeo 1750 Spider Veloce have agreed to add a warning notice to literature enclosed in cars sold in New York City. The warning states: "Due to the present condition of the streets in the city of New York, particularly the presence of potholes and debris, you are advised to exercise extreme caution when driving in that area and avoid such hazards, as your failure to do so may result in damage to your Alfa Romeo."

## IS WINNING THE ONLY THING?

The University of Miami's failure to forfeit that disputed game with Tulane a few weeks ago continues to arouse comment. Through an officiating mistake, Miami, behind 21-17, was allowed a fifth down in Tulane territory late in the fourth quarter. Miami scored on the extra down and won on the game 24-21. Game films showed the error, Miami should not have been permitted the extra down. Tulane should have been given the ball and, since there were only 54 seconds to play, presumably would have won 21-17.

The incident revived memories of the Cornell-Dartmouth game of 1940. Ivy League notwithstanding, undefeated Cornell was about the best team in the country at the time (it had beaten Ohio State in a battle of giants earlier). Dartmouth, ahead 3-0 in the fourth quarter, was within minutes of pulling off the upset of the year when Cornell was inadvertently given an extra down by the officials. Cornell scored and won 7-3. When the films were reviewed the

continued



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mistake was obvious, and on the Monday after the game Cornell forfeited its tainted victory, giving Dartmouth a 3-0 win. A recent Associated Press story claims that Cornell officials were taken aback when Dartmouth accepted the forfeit, but even so, the gesture has resounded to Cornell's credit over the years.

Miami, however, chose not to follow Cornell's lead and cited various reasons why it would not. Most of the arguments seemed to boil down to a rather childish "It doesn't matter how it happened—we won the game. Why should we give it back?"

Well, possibly for reasons of pride and self-respect. If it had given the game to Tulane, Miami would have been applauded for making a gracious, sportsmanlike gesture. Instead, it has an empty, pointless victory and a cheap reputation it will take a while to get rid of.

#### SOUND OF MUSIC

Tom Schill and Jim Petrie Jr. of upstate New York were hunting near a beaver pond in mid-October when they saw a lone black duck come gliding in. They both fired, the duck fell and from the yard of a farmhouse a quarter of a mile away came the mournful sound of a trumpeter playing taps.

The wistful notes had barely faded when a large flock of ducks came in. Schill and Petrie fired away, reloading and shooting as fast as they could. When the sound of their last shots subsided, the mysterious trumpeter played *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

Read any moral you want into this.

#### POP GOES THE BASKETBALL

Northwestern State College of Alva, Okla. had a poor basketball season last year, with a 7-20 overall record and a 4-16 mark in the Oklahoma Collegiate Conference. Coach Keith Covey sent a complaint to a conference meeting a couple of weeks ago about the playing conditions his Rangers had to put up with around the league. He mentioned "inadequate lighting at Northeastern and Panhandle and excessive crowd noise at Phillips, Central and Southeastern." He objected to signs that said "Kill the Rangers" and "Blood Makes the Victory Sweeter."

Phillips' faculty representative rejected the charge of excessive crowd noise at his school. "I don't know what Mr. Covey

is talking about," he said. "We only have about 200 people come to our games. He must have heard a building swaying in the wind." As for the "kill" and "blood" signs Covey mentioned, Central's athletic director protested, "We will let the students put up signs that say 'Beat the Rangers,' but we won't let them put up one that says 'Beat the Hell Out of the Rangers.'"

However, there was support, if reluctant, for some of Covey's points. Panhandle tried to reject the poor lighting criticism by saying, "We have no problem. Mr. Covey is the one with a problem." But it was reported that before Central went off to play games at Pan-



handle its players took the precaution of working out in semidarkness, sometimes turning out most of the lights in the field house. And Northeastern's athletic director blamed the inadequacy in his school's lighting on the gym's popcorn popper. "Even with the new wiring in our gymnasium," he said, "we can't turn all our lights on. When we do, it blows a fuse in the concession stand."

#### COLOSSUS OF CORN

Some Nebraskans recently proposed that Interstate 80, the major east-west route across the state, be bridged by a massive steel beam, a 375-foot span soaring 235 feet above the road. In the middle would be a group of plastic figures rep-

resenting Nebraska's pioneers. The plastic would be painted bronze.

A second suggestion soon followed. This one was made public by Michael Epps, who said he was "a spokesman for Monument Group, a Lincoln design firm." Epps said his concern had been commissioned to prepare plans for a 150-foot-high figure of a University of Nebraska football player, a center, who would be crouching over the highway. His helmet would house a revolving restaurant, his chest a display area of Nebraska memorabilia, his hips an observation platform and souvenir shop. The football would be a quick-stop restaurant. It was hoped that low-cost housing units could be built into the giant's calves.

Reaction to the steel beam had been mild, but when the Epps plan was publicized, both proposals were condemned as garish and tasteless. Instead of being upset, Epps was delighted. He is a student of architecture at Nebraska, he said, and he had been appalled by the apparent acceptance of the steel beam-and-plastic-horror thing. He had presented his giant Cornhusker plan as a sardonic put-on. "It made people stop and think about putting a monument over the highway," he said, "and when they did, they realized it was no good. I'm pleased by the public reaction."

#### THEY SAID IT

- Mike Johnson, 5'9", 165-pound Western Michigan defensive back, asked how he was physically able to make 56 tackles last season: "I'm so small, blockers just run right by me and look for someone bigger to hit."
- Sam Bailey, former Tampa University football coach, discussing a prospect he tried to recruit: "There's this interior lineman. He's big as a gorilla and strong as a gorilla. Now, if he was smart as a gorilla he'd be fine."
- Ed Chartier, coach of Plymouth-Whitmarsh High School in Pennsylvania, after Back Frank Bingham ran for 316 yards and scored on touchdown runs of six, 17, 22, 46 and 48 yards: "We should never have let him get that short one from the six. It brought his average down."
- Shelby Metcalf, Texas A&M basketball coach, asked if his team was going to run and shoot this year: "Nope, we're going to run and throw."

END

# THE GOOD HUMOR MEN

**U**nsinkable Larry Brown (see cover) had just run for 191 yards and one touchdown and caught a pass for another in Washington's 23-16 victory over the Giants in New York, and now he was in the locker room wearily slipping the questions of gang-rushing reporters.

Somehow a drunk appeared and began to bait Brown. And suddenly, as the intruder was hustled out, Brown shifted gears. It was like all those times during the afternoon when Giant defenders seemed to have him hemmed in, only to discover that they had converged behind him, or he had run through them at the level of their ankles, or they had laid hot hands on him only to have him melt away. This time, however, he took off talking.

"I'm on top of New York and you resent it," he crowed. "I came from the ghetto in Pittsburgh, from the Hill District. I used to play in the streets. With no equipment. I love to win in New York. I had beer thrown on me, and oranges. I don't get all those endorsements like Joe Namath. A lot of backs get more attention, but they don't produce the put-out I put out!"

Teammate Roy Jefferson was delighted. "Rap on, Rap!" he cried. "You're like one of those Baptist preachers. You gonna keep 'em in *session*."

And Redskins all around Brown chorled and whooped. The Giants had come close to beating them, with recycled Quarterback Norm Snead throwing 25 completions for 258 yards. But on a controversial play Washington Linebacker Chris Hanburger had ripped the ball from the hands of New York Running Back Ron Johnson, Quarterback Billy Kilmer had run the team well after Sonny Jurgensen was injured, and, above all, Brown had his finest day ever. The Redskins' irrepressibility was high.

Head Coach George Allen was much more subdued. True, his team was 6-1, best in the conference, and true, he had beaten the Giants—whose owner, Wel-

*George Allen gives his Redskins ice cream and whatever else their hearts desire, but it is easy to be happy if you just give Larry Brown the ball*

by ROY BLOUNT

lington Mara, was among those executives who tried to have him expelled from the league last spring after Allen had traded draft choices he did not own—but Jurgensen's left Achilles' tendon was torn. There were nine more games to play before the Super Bowl. And Allen was already worrying about how to keep his players happy the rest of the season.

Both Allen's and New York Coach Alex Webster's signatures adorn a recently issued athletes-for-Nixon poster, the most prominent feature of which is a big photo of the President hobnobbing with Allen. What both coaches try to promote, however, sounds more like an old Hubert Humphrey slogan: The Football of Happiness. Politics aside, it is a policy that could never work for two coaches in the same stadium on the same afternoon.

For the Redskins, happiness depends upon such things as ice cream, defense, a 5400 helmet, a dead leg—and ultimately upon such scores as the one they produced against New York. The texture of the Giants' felicity, going into the game, was harder to come to grips with, even if you do not quibble with Snead's calling the team both "close-knit" and "a loose bunch" in the same breath. Snead was happy with the Giants because after 11 years as a journeyman he was leading the conference in passing, with a 65.9 completion percentage.

"Personalities fit in better some places than others," says Snead, whose arm has always been respected but whose field generalship has been tried and rejected by three teams. Snead has never

established himself as a honcho—he is said to be disinclined to chew people out in the huddle—and he has never directed a winning team. So far this year, however, since there has not been enough conflict among the Giants to keep a TV family series going, Snead's mildness has fit right in. It is an atmosphere that Webster enjoys.

"Alex had the good fortune to play on excellent teams with the Giants," says Snead, "and they had fun while they played." The Giants, however, are not the kind of team Webster used to play for. Now they like to talk about character, which might be defined as what you feature when you lack talent.

Still, the Giants have improved noticeably. Ron Johnson, the team's best player, returned from thigh and knee surgery, and second-year man Charlie Evans developed into a redoubtable backfield partner for Johnson. The Giants also acquired a free-agent defensive end, Jack Gregory, and made him the rover in a heralded new defensive scheme. Gregory, it seems, has a veritable surfeit of something called "motor ability," as in "he is a great motor-ability athlete." Also, a newly acquired guard, Dick Enderle, improved the offensive line. Receivers Don Herrmann, Rich Houston and Bob Tucker caught Snead's passes, halftime director Sy Fraser and team dentist Dr. Francis G. Hedberg continually turned in steady performances, and suddenly the Giants were not in such dreary shape after all. From a 4-10 season last year they rebounded to win four of their first six. "They've gotten the smell of winning now," said Webster. And then his happy Giants ran into Allen's Skins.

Those are really the boys to show you what true happiness is. "Let's not just

*continued*

*Catch Ice Cream (above) first through another win. This one was achieved after Chris Hanburger stole the ball from Ron Johnson.*



go out and have us a long day," 36-year-old linebacker and team leader Jack Pardee is wont to say before a game. "Let's go out and have us a good time."

This year's Redskins are undoubtedly the sunniest collection of grizzled veterans, former player reps, reputed problem children and Men Who Have Played Out Their Options in the whole U.S.A. If there is anyone among them who does not know how to have a good time it is not George Allen's fault. "The players around here are happy because they're treated like men," says Assistant Coach Joe Sullivan. "They are responsible for their actions. But you have to be part kid to play. It's a contact sport. It takes exuberance. We treat them like men while recognizing that they're kids."

In the dressing room after each victory Allen leads his adult minors in three cheers for themselves, and then the captains award at least three game balls. That does not seem at all inflationary to the Redskins. On the plane home from away games the players sing. They call Allen "Ice Cream," and the words to one of their favorite numbers are "Hooray for Ice Cream, Hooray at last, Hooray for Ice Cream, He's a horse's ass." Allen just smiles benignly upon the choral group. If the players like something, Allen thinks it's great.

They call him Ice Cream because he adores the stuff and because that's what he gives them every Thursday after a win. Duke Zebert, the well-known Washington restaurateur, brings ice cream and cake out to practice, and all those hardened, bleeding, bull-sized professionals line up like little tads at a birthday party. Every Tuesday night there is a hairier-chested team get-together, variously described as a buffet and beer bust, which is not mandatory but which most players attend. Allen gives special recognition for previous-Sunday performances ranging from touchdowns to tackles on kickoffs inside the 20.

Allen's program is not all cakes and ale, of course. He is a man who, if you told him he had on a nice tie, would respond by explaining how the tie's niceness contributes to a winning season. In Pittsburgh before the last exhibition game, Trainer Joe Kuczo was sitting in the lobby of the team hotel, minding his own business, when Allen walked up and asked whether he was thinking of ways or had thought of ways to beat Minnesota. If you do not contribute to

the Redskins' success, Allen does not see why you have any reason to be happy—even if you are allegedly a neutral observer. Hence, he has reproached the Washington press for not doing enough to help the home team win.

Nothing about his players seems to faze Allen, so long as they can exhibit a sober dedication to the cause of Redskins happiness. Within the past year, for example, both his star quarterbacks have been arrested—Kilmer for creating a wee-hours disturbance at a diner, and Jurgensen for drunk driving. Two weeks after the latest "new" Jurgensen was arrested, Allen promoted him to the starting job. "I didn't wait for 12 years just to hold again for extra points on a championship team," Jurgensen said before the Giant game.

That, sadly, it may have been his last game of the season, and perhaps of his career, does not doom Redskins chances, though. "Sonny is more dangerous," the Giants' Gregory said after the game, "but the Redskins seem to play better for Kilmer." And, after all, the prime element in the Washington attack is the rushing of Larry Brown. An unknown blocking back at Kansas State, Brown was taken on the eighth round mostly because the Redskins knew he weighed 195 and could do 40 yards in 4.7 seconds. In the 3½ years that he has been in the NFL he has gained more yardage than anyone else in the game.

Curiously, despite being the 191st man selected in the pro draft, Brown proved difficult to sign. When Washington's personnel director, Tim Temerario, first talked to Brown, he said he thought he might play Canadian ball. "Let me speak to him," said Vince Lombardi, in his best "I'll get rid of this nonsense" tone, but he got nowhere either.

Pressed by Temerario, Brown gave a reason for his resistance. "I'm going to get out of this ghetto," he said. Temerario asked him what he meant. Brown asked Temerario if he had ever been to Pittsburgh.

"Yes," said Temerario.

"Well," said Brown, "Washington looks like Pittsburgh to me."

Brown had grown up in Pittsburgh and as a high school senior he had given up baseball, his favorite sport, so he could learn football and win a scholarship, for which he had to travel all the way to Dodge City Junior College and then to Kansas State. He had not



done all that, said Brown, just to wind up in another place that looked like Pittsburgh to him.

Well, the Redskins had a black scout in those days named Bob White, who was dying of cancer. White's health kept him confined to his beautifully furnished home in suburban Washington. Temerario sent Brown there and within half an hour White and his house had convinced Brown that Washington need not be a ghetto; he signed.

When practice got under way, however, Brown kept blowing his assignments. The coaches knew there was something wrong with his hearing and they tried moving him around in the huddle, but that did not help. Tests showed Brown was practically deaf in one ear. When a hearing-aid specialist was consulted, he said he could put an amplifying





Twisting through the line between Bill Brundage (77) and Varion Biggs (88) goes the glaxo's Ron Johnson, who made 80 yards rushing.

system in Brown's helmet but Brown would still never hear anything that came from his deaf side. That meant he could not hear audibles unless he lined up on the same side every time, which was impractical.

Temerario, who had thought of sending Brown to Bob White, then thought of something else. He suggested they put the hearing aid in Brown's bad ear, to pick up sound coming from that side, and run a tube from the aid and over his head inside the helmet to carry the sound to the good ear. So it is that Brown wears a \$400 helmet and has rushed this year for an average of 120 yards a game.

"You don't tackle Brown," says St. Louis Defensive Tackle Bob Rowe, "you just hit him and hope help comes along." "He's a small Jim Brown," says Giant

Defensive Coach Jim Garrett. "He gives you the dead leg." What that means, says Rover Gregory, is that "he gives you his leg and then relaxes it"—when you hit him he goes slack while you clamber for leverage, and then he takes off again. Alive, the Brown leg is a marvel—the muscle in back of the thigh is so large that he appears to have two thighs tied together on each leg. He keeps these astonishing limbs built up by working with leg weights. "My legs," he says, "mean as much as my heart."

Though Brown is the wonder of his team, Coach Allen's heart belongs to his defense. He will often huddle with them on the sidelines, oblivious to what his offense is doing on the field. Garrett of the Giants holds the Redskin defense up as a model. "They're what we want to be striving for," he says. "Each play-

er knows the other like the palm of his hand."

Allen meets for an hour and a half after every practice with Pardoe, who is referred to by some teammates as "the quarterback." The coach prepares—and uses—great doses of psychology. And the Redskins are believers. "If we lose another game," says John Wilbur, a guard, "we'll negate the Dallas game. Can you believe that? That makes every game as important as the Dallas game."

It was the 24-20 victory over the defending world champions two weeks ago that forced people to seriously consider that Washington has a good shot at its first championship in 30 years. So the Redskins had no reason to take New York lightly. Besides, they were up against that iron imperative: no win, no ice cream.

END

# BLUE BLAZERS IN PHILADELPHIA



Sanderson skates at full cry against Cleveland, but soon departed with an injured shoulder.

*A awful season's start for Derek Sanderson & Co., rich but unready, illuminates the fitness of things*

by MARK MULVOY

Accustomed though they are to humiliation and despair, Philadelphia sports fans could hardly believe their wary eyes last week as \$3.5 million worth of shiny new hockey talent went crashing to the ice. There they came, the gaudy Blazers, among the biggest, boldest spenders of the infant World Hockey Association and, sob, there they went: Center Derek Sanderson, possessor of a \$2.3 million contract, with an injured shoulder; Goalie Bernie Parent (\$750,000) with a broken foot; and Player-Coach Johnney McKenzie (\$450,000), self-banished temporarily from the bench in favor of crusty old Phil Watson, once the mind and mouth of the New York Rangers. As the week ended the Blazers had settled into last place in the WHA's East Division with a 1-8 record, dutifully following the example of the town's woebegone baseball Phillies, football Eagles and basketball 76ers.

It was Sanderson above all—trendy and tactless but a superior player when he was a Boston Bruin with McKenzie—who was supposed to win hockey fans away from Bobby Clarke and the Flyers of the National Hockey League. Or at least draw enough new ones to Civic Center (formerly Convention Hall) to pay his keep. Not surprisingly, Sanderson was in a let-'em-eat-cake mood. "I got an ulcer in Boston over winning," he said. "I ain't gonna get one in Philadelphia over losing."

By so saying, Sanderson assumed a central role in a developing morality play. Bum shoulder or no, bad Derek conceded that he was not in very good shape to play hockey anyway. Followers of the Canada-Russia series will recall that the fast, fit Russians exploited the Canadians' soft underbelly. The question was bound to come: Doesn't a handsomely paid star like Sanderson owe the fans a little fitness? And just how fit are

North American hockey players? It was clear last week that the best-conditioned teams were doing far better in the standings than their more lackadaisical opponents. One was Detroit, innocent of superstars but winging along at a 6-2 pace. Another was Buffalo, a product of recent expansion but now, if you can believe it, undefeated. Sulk another: Montreal, a dynasty reawakening.

And how sharp was the contrast in Philadelphia between Sanderson, he of the \$31,000 Rolls-Royce, the circular water beds, the gossip-column flings with Joey Heatherton, and Clarke, the Flyers' quiet kid from Flin Flon, Manitoba—married, a suburbanite and a mere \$100,000-a-year player. There was a difference at the gate, too. The Flyers were averaging 14,732 spectators, the Blazers 4,920.

"Nothing is going right for us," Sanderson complained Wednesday morning when the Blazers came home to play the Cleveland Crusaders after opening the season with six straight losses on the road. He didn't know the half of it. In the game's first minute Parent broke his foot while making a routine save—and now he will not play for at least a month. Moments later a Cleveland rookie making maybe \$20,000 checked Sanderson—and there went his bad shoulder again. Unable to play because he had broken an arm in a preseason game, McKenzie buried his face in his good arm as the Crusaders won an 8-2 laughter. "There'll be some changes before Friday night," McKenzie said. "This is ridiculous."

Well, one change put Chief Scout Watson behind the bench as McKenzie took to the stands to get the overall picture. A new goalie, Yves Archambault, was brought in from Roanoke, Va., of all places. Nevertheless, the Blazers finally won a game, defeating the Los Angeles Sharks 5-4. "That figures," Sanderson said. "They pay me millions, and we don't win a game until I leave the line-up. Maybe I ought to give them back some of the money. They can have \$200,000 if they want it."

What Sanderson and a few dozen other members of hockey's *nouveaux riches* could give without pain in the pocketbook is old-fashioned effort. "There's no doubt about it," Sanderson himself said. "We're all making so much money that we've become complacent." Before the Russians came along and rudely

spoiled the good life, most hockey players thought a push-up was something you did to get out of bed around noon-time and a jog was a doctor's prescription for an elderly eccentric with irregular heartbeat. Judging by the success of Soviet-style conditioning elsewhere, those thoughts may become as obsolete as \$25,000 salaries for rookies just up from Shawinigan Falls.

It is not mere coincidence that the three leading teams in the NHL—the Canadiens, the Buffalo Sabres and the new-model Detroit Red Wings—all have become physical-fitness freaks with visions not only of winning the Stanley Cup but also the world's worst-wrestling championship and the Boston Marathon. Nor is it coincidence that some of the game's worst-conditioned teams—for example, the Bobby Orr-less Bruins and the Blazers—look as though they are skating on snow tires.

In Buffalo a new coach, Joe Crozier, recruited a former wrestling bad man named Fred Atkins and charged him with sharpening the Sabres. Each morning before practice all the Sabres do 40 minutes of calisthenics for Atkins, and after that they take off on a three-mile jog. "This year," Crozier says, "we've been in better shape in the third period than every team we've played."

For last Saturday's clash at the Montreal Forum of hockey's only undefeated teams—the Sabres and Canadiens—Crozier had Atkins on hand to supervise a lengthy morning exercise, unheard of in conventional warfare. Muscles bulging, the Sabres scored a third-period goal to tie the Canadiens 3-3 and push their undefeated streak to nine games. Buffalo's No. 1 line, with Gilbert Perreault centering for Richard Martin and Rene Robert, accounted for two more goals—both by Martin, who has 11 already in his sophomore-jinx season—to lead the NHL with 22 goals and 55 points.

In Montreal the Canadiens do not schedule three-mile jogs down Ste. Catherine Street, but they do begin each workout with 20 minutes of trunk-twisting contortions on the ice, featuring push-ups, sit-ups, body rolls and belly flops, before anyone dares fire the first practice shot at Goaltender Ken Dryden. "Coincidence or not," Dryden said, "the only day we didn't do the exercises was the same day I pulled a muscle in my leg during practice. Now I hear we may



Sweden's Bergman catches on in Detroit.

start playing basketball on Mondays, just like the Russians."

"Maybe the Russians woke some people up," said Detroit's general manager, Ned Harkness, "but all we are doing is what Kenzie Rockne and Frank Leahy and Vince Lombardi did in football. We are trying every possible means to make our players better." The Red Wings have discarded the mindless shoot-and-circle training drills traditional in the NHL for game-situation exercises, and all players take part in a rigid health program.

Along the same thoughtful lines, the Red Wings have installed a new training facility and have undertaken the most imaginative scouting program in the NHL. Last year Harkness decided to scout the Olympics at Sapporo, so Scout Jack Paterson took a cram course in basic Japanese and flew off to find the next Gordie Howe. He returned with 24-year-old Thommie Bergman, the top defenseman on Sweden's national team. Quick with his stick, strong on his feet and a thousand times more aggressive than the normal Swedish hockey player, Bergman proved immediately that he could play in the NHL—a full three periods a game. As Philadelphians await the return of their prodigal stepsons, that is the kind of fitness they hope someday to get—and fully deserve.

END

# SOS FROM A SEASIDE SLAUGHTER

*With Long Island and Hatteras the battlegrounds, a war between anglers and haul seiners is fought each season as striped bass migrate along the Atlantic coast. Now, peace may be in the offing* **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

Come fall, the battle starts all over again," said Richard Miller, a lobsterman turned executive secretary of the Long Island Fishermen's Association, a commercial group. No sooner had Miller said this one afternoon last week while watching a haul-seine crew set a net off Southampton Beach than a motorboat a quarter of a mile offshore suddenly headed toward the net. Reaching down with a knife, the boat operator lifted the net from the water and cut it in two. Then he sped away a half mile down the shore and into the safety of Shinnecock Inlet.

Slashed nets are just part of an intense feud that has been going on for years on Long Island between commercial fishermen and anglers. The striped bass—the glamour game fish of the Atlantic coast—is the cause of it all. An anadromous species, the striped leaves the coast to spawn in rivers in the spring, and it is vulnerable to haul seiners on Long Island during its fall and spring migrations. On the theory that haul-sein-

ing is fast depleting the striped population, an organization called Save Our Stripers wants the bass legally made a game fish to be taken only by hook and line—a status the fish enjoys in the adjacent states of New Jersey and Connecticut and also in Massachusetts. For their part, the haul seiners see no reason to stop a practice that has gone on for generations on the beaches of eastern Long Island.

Bitterness breaks out when a haul-seine crew arrives on the beach in two trucks towing an 18-foot dory, a 2,400-foot net and a pair of power winches. Sighting a school of bass, the haul seiners launch the dory and encircle the fish with their net. It usually makes no difference to them that the beach has been occupied for hours by surf casters waiting for the stripers to come by. When the seiners make their set, the sports fishermen had just better get out of the way or get trapped in the net along with the bass.

"The haul seiners have antagonized

a lot of people," says Blair Moger of West Sayville, N.Y., a high school guidance counselor who is president of SOS. "They'll leave a beach cluttered with unwanted dead fish, including small bass under the 16-inch legal size."

Richard Miller admits that not all members of the Long Island Fishermen's Association have been angels. "We've got bad guys as well as good guys," he says, adding that he has urged members to discipline themselves. Bill Robinson, owner of the net that was slashed last week, says, "We try to give people less to holler about."

Robinson's seining crew of five men is typical of the dozens of teams that work the eastern beaches of the Island. Except for one Polish-American, the crew is composed of "Bonnickers," the local nickname given to old fishing families east of Shinnecock Inlet. Bonnickers are a unique lot who make a living from anything that comes out of the water—clams, scallops, cod, stripers, etc. In style and speech they are something out of a marsh scene in *Great Expectations*. They say "sigh" for "say" and speak an altogether odd patois. "I sigh it's just jealousy and hogness," said Bonnickers Bob Lester of the sport fishermen, or "pinhookers," as he calls them. "You want to see pollution, go to Montauk and see what they leave in the water. Last year they went out and got giant tuna and photographed them and then said to me the next day, 'You can have them.' They was rotten." To which another seiner, Hans Finne, added, "The average sports fisherman is a guy who works in an office or a factory. He comes down here on Saturday or Sunday and he wants to catch fish, and I can understand. He sees us catch fish, and he gets mad, but he doesn't see that it's our livelihood. We don't want to start no trouble, but if they're going to stop me from what I'm doing, I get angry."

SOS has tried for the past several years to get the state legislature to declare the striped a game fish. "There



At Hatteras: 100,000 pounds of food for the birds, and also food for some serious thoughts.

would be no sale of stripers in New York," says Moger. "We're not just after the haul seiners but the other commercial netters as well. The game-fish bill would also stop sports fishermen from making huge catches and selling them." On three occasions, the SOS game-fish bill has sailed through the State Senate by a unanimous vote only to be bottled up in the Assembly because Speaker Perry Duryea Jr., a wealthy lobster dealer from Montauk, is close to the haul seiners. "Duryea is simply the boss of the Assembly," says Moger. "In his assembly district he's lord and master, but when he runs for governor, he's going to find he's antagonized sports fishermen from all over the southern part of the state." This year, in response to Duryea's no-action, SOS started an economic boycott of the Montauk area. Organizations representing 70,000 sports fishermen agreed to join the boycott, and, without question, Montauk was hurt. The Chamber of Commerce attributed the decline to bad weather.

Apart from Long Island, SOS has become very much alarmed by haul-seining of stripers at the Cape Hatteras National Seashore in North Carolina. Wintering bass there are extremely vulnerable to netting because they congregate in certain areas in enormous numbers. One day last January at Hatteras two crews pooled their nets and brought in 100,000 pounds of stripers, most of the fish roe-laden females of from 20 to 50 pounds. Without question, hauls such as these can put a dent in the Atlantic spawning stock.

There is a possible solution to the controversy, according to John R. Clark, an outstanding striped-bass authority formerly with the Federal Government and now a senior associate of The Conservation Foundation in Washington who says, "We now have a framework for the understanding and management of striped bass on the Atlantic coast." The framework to which Clark refers is, curiously, the Final Environmental Statement issued in September by the Atomic Energy Commission relating to the operation of Consolidated Edison's Indian Point Two nuclear plant on the Hudson River. In the course of hearings on the matter, the AEC referred the question of possible damage to fish life to AEC staff scientists at the Oak

Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee. There, Dr. C. P. Goodyear reviewed all available literature and tagging studies on the striped bass, and played the results out on a computer. His report is a shocker. Until Goodyear came along, biologists had held that the schools of migratory bass in the Atlantic primarily had come from the Chesapeake Bay system. Not so, says Goodyear. The Atlantic striped-bass fishery mostly emanates from the Hudson; indeed "93%" of the variability in recruitment to the Atlantic population can be attributed to the abundance of mature fish in the Hudson.

Although some biologists are likely to question Goodyear closely, Clark is certain that the findings are fairly on the mark and, granting this, the feud between haul seiners and anglers on Long Island can be resolved because the fish come from one manageable source. To start, Clark suggests that the haul seiners be licensed and restricted in number only to those who historically have fished for striped bass. In return for this exclusive privilege, the seiners are to be subject to regulation, such as to the length of net they can use in order to maintain the optimum level of the catch. "Meanwhile," says Clark, "there should be searching examination of the conclu-

sions provided by the AEC and, based on that, recommendations made as to the amount of fish taken by the seiners. I would keep hands off the situation as much as possible so that the economy of existing markets is not disrupted. If the haul seiners began to cut down drastically on the breeding stock, netting could be temporarily reduced. Economically, this would benefit the commercial fishermen in the long run since fewer fish would be going to market and the price would rise. It would be a mistake of the worst sort to make the striped bass strictly a game fish, with no sale allowed in New York. A bag limit could be put on anglers, too, and anglers could sell their catch, but those who did would have to buy a special license, with the license fees earmarked for additional research. If you impose a no-sale, game-fish-only law, the striper no longer becomes available to the public as food. Thus, if the striper fishery is later threatened, the public would not care."

Both the haul seiners and Moger of SOS have expressed interest in Clark's ideas, and they may sit down to talk them over. It would be ironic if peace finally came as the result of a report by the AEC, an agency hitherto considered to be the enemy by fishermen of every persuasion.

END



On Long Island: the Bonnickers just do what comes naturally—making a living from the sea.



# THE Qs HAVE QUITE A FEW OF THE As

*The Conquistadors are owned by an orthodoxist who has braced himself to overcome the disaffection of San Diego's fans* **by PETER GARRY**

**T**he man ran fast. In college he did 100 yards in 9.7 seconds and 440 in 46.9. He is 38 now and still running. Occasionally he returns to the track at his alma mater, San Diego State, burns a quarter without warming up and figures he is still in shape if he does it in less than a minute. He recently was clocked in 54 flat. And he plays basketball the same way—all out. One-on-one. Full court. It is a game few people play or would care to. In fact, it isn't really basketball: it's a nonstop footrace and the man never loses. His victims include Spody Duncan, who is one of the best kick returners in pro football history. Not bad for a 5'9" orthodoxist.

Like those literary runners, Rahmi Angstrom and Sammy Glick, Leonard Bloom D.D.S. has other pursuits. For instance, collecting money. He has a huge accumulation, which has enabled him to buy a hillside home replete with a swimming pool, a tennis court equipped with a Coca-Cola vending machine, a basketball court and a pad for his personal helicopter. He began amassing his fortune as a bull collector for magazines in high school, buying his first piece of San Diego real estate—an apartment house—when he was 16. Bloom is now an orthodoxist in title only. He straightens teeth one day a week and spends the rest of his time running around tracks, gyms and the offices from which he operates his businesses—land development and management, computers and, for the past three months, basketball. Five-on-five. Full court. Professional.

Bloom calls his hall club the San Di-

ego Conquistadors, a polysyllabic *aflo* *podraro* that begs to be intoned to the strains of a mariachi band. Without musical accompaniment it's a mouthful, however, so the team has been called everything but Conquistadors—Cons, Cons, Cues and Qs, which also happen to fit headlines.

And headlines, astonishingly, are what the Qs have been making. They won five of the first six games they ever played and led the Western Division of the American Basketball Association by two games before they lost two in a row to Utah, the defending Western champion. San Diego's success is doubly surprising because it is not merely an expansion team, but one which was hastily thrown together. Late last spring the ABA's weakest franchises, Florida and Pittsburgh, folded, leaving the league with only nine teams. Shortly thereafter some mathematical whiz realized that since eight teams qualify for the playoffs, one division would play the entire season without eliminating a single club from postseason play. Suspecting that this situation might bring on both ridicule and a lack of competitive spirit, the ABA decided to add a team, San Diego, which had lost the NBA Rockets to Houston the year before, was the lucky one.

At first, Bloom, who earlier in the year had tried to bring the Cincinnati Royals to his hometown, didn't bid for the ABA franchise. Two other San Diegans—one of them was Peter Graham, who operates the only indoor arena within the city limits that has more than 5,999 seats—met in July with the league board, which wasn't impressed with either. It was then that Earl Foreman, the owner of the Virginia Squires, brought up the name of his cousin the dentist. Foreman called cousin Lenny one night at 11:30 and within an hour Bloom was on the red-eye to Chicago,

polishing his forthcoming remarks to the board. By noon that day Bloom had been awarded the franchise for \$1 million. "His presentation was the finest I've ever heard," said no less an orator than Charlie Finley, who owns, among other things, the Memphis Tams.

Bloom started hiring—the team's original two employees were a professional ice skater and a commercial artist. They were followed by the first all-ABA-trained front office in the league. From General Manager Alex Groo, who had been business manager of the Kentucky Colonels, to the publicity man, the sales and promotion director, the assistant coach and the trainer, all had got their experience in the new league. Even Secretary Kay Moore had been in on some league meetings when she worked as a barmaid at an Indianapolis saloon owned by former Pacer Bob Netolicky.

The only exception is Coach K. C. Jones, the old Celtic who assisted Bill Sharman with the Lakers last season. Until he sips a couple of Cititys and water and is invited onto the bandstand at one of his favorite bars to croon Sweet, K.C. is certainly the quietest coach, if not the quietest man, in all of pro basketball. Many of his friends were worried when they heard that Jones had taken the job with the Qs. His head coaching experience was minimal: three seasons at Brandeis University where his record was three wins over 500. It was also predicted that since the players made available to expansion clubs inevitably include mercenaries, kindly, silent K. C. Jones would be eaten alive by members of his own team.

The only ones who have been chewed up so far have been San Diego's opponents. Like the six other former Celts who have become pro coaches, Jones is committed to the Red Auerbach philosophy of rugged team defense and a nonstop, fast-break offense. The Qs already have one of the most cohesive defenses in the ABA, and they have lent credence to the maxim that the best offense is a good defense. San Diego's offense is the most productive in the league and many of the baskets have resulted from loose balls, deflected dribbles, blocked shots, steals and interceptions.

"There is not the same fanatically

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JARRET & GORD

*Dr. Lenny Bloom, the sport who runs the Qs, has a poolside coffee with his office staff, while on the court Chuck Williams, the Qs' best ball handler, does his thing against Utah.*

continued

high level of intensity on this team that there is on a Sharman team," says Larry Miller, a guard who has played for both men. "But then K.C. has us more relaxed than I ever was with Bill. Neither of them ever shouts, but where Bill disciplines by pushing you, K.C. does it with wryness and cynicism. We were at a banquet a couple of weeks ago and Kase introduced the players one by one and gave a little scouting report on each of us. For instance, when he brought up Stew Johnson he said, 'Here's Stew Johnson who will shoot for us, and shoot for us and shoot and shoot and shoot.' He was giving the audience a pretty accurate idea of what each of us does and doesn't do well and at the same time he was leaving a message for each of us to think about."

"In the huddle during a time-out, K.C. will stand quiet for a moment and then look at the guy or guys who have been messing up the most. He'll say something like, 'That guy too much for you?' And you say, 'Well, er, ah, na, he's not.' Then he'll look you right in the face and say very clearly in that soft voice, 'Why don't you do something about it?'"

"Kase had instantaneous respect when he got here just because he had his reputation as a great player, but I think he gets extra respect because he's a brother, a brother who's made it. Most of the players in the pros are brothers now, and I don't think there's any more logical thing for a team to do than hire a good black coach," concludes Miller, the Qs' only white starter.

Jones has benefited from the fact that the ABA's expansion draft yielded far more talent than had previous affairs of that sort in the NBA. In NBA drafts the existing teams were allowed to freeze seven players; in the ABA, the number was six. The Qs were also drafting alone while most prior expansions involved two or three teams. And the players from Florida and Pittsburgh had been redistributed among the older ABA clubs, making their rosters more talent-laden than usual. In addition, K.C. gave try-outs to a number of walk-ons and NBA rejects. In all, he looked at nearly 75 players during what may have been the longest training camp in pro basketball history. It began in early September and continued with barely an interruption until the season opener on Oct. 13. The Qs were able to schedule but two ex-

hibition games and perhaps the only thing that saved the players from total boredom was the nude beach adjacent to their Point Loma camp.

Expansion teams are usually posies because they lack two essentials: a superstar and depth. The Qs have no big-name players, and just one, Guard Chuck Williams, could be described as indispensable since he is the team's only accomplished ball handler. But the Qs do have depth. Six Conquistadors were full-time or frequent starters last season, and in their first six games San Diego's reserves scored more points and grabbed more rebounds per minute played than the starters. In the final halves of those games, the Qs outscored their fatigued opponents by an average of 10 points.

"I think we've got something going for us that's hard to measure," said Williams last week. "If you go out in the parking lot and look at our cars you'll see we're driving things like my VW Squareback instead of the Continentals and Eldorados other teams have. Our guys either don't care about those things or can't afford them. As far as I know, there's only one no-cut contract on the team. We all know if we don't perform we can be thrown off. The younger guys like me want to prove we can play well to show up our old teams, which didn't give us that much of a chance, and the older guys, I guess, know they've got to make it here or forget it. I'd guess we're just hungrier all the way round."

They are no hungrier than are the sports fans of San Diego for a winner. Of the four-big-league franchises that have been based in the city, all but the football Chargers have been expansion clubs and, except for the Chargers in the early days of the AFL, none of San Diego's teams has been even modestly successful. The city's most frustrating experience has been with basketball. The Rockets were just beginning to play well when the team was sold, leaving behind a huge profit for the man who had owned it and an equally large dose of skepticism for the fans who had cheered for it.

To make a profit of his own, Lenny Bloom will have to overcome that attitude. Bloom looks more Southern Californian than a Denny's restaurant. His tan is just this golden and his curly hair just that long. His smile is so dazzling that only his dentist knows for sure where

he got it. He wears white shoes and white pants: he hates neckties and usually leaves the top two buttons of his body shirts open, the better to show off that bronzed chest. He has a personal staff of five—all women, all knockouts. At games Bloom is the same old cheerleader he used to be at Hoover High and San Diego State. He greets fans at the door, sits right up front, whistles with his fingers in his mouth, jumps up, piroettes, sits down, applauds, shakes his fist and screams. When the Qs win, he skips off the floor toward the locker room, his smile dazzling and his hands fluttering. Give him a beanie and he is basketball's Pinky Lee.

But mention his family or the inner workings of his businesses and another Bloom blossoms. "I'm not a public person," he says. "I'm secretive. I think in order to lead a normal life, to make it so I can go out and raise hell without a photographer on my tail, I have to keep my personal life and my personal business covered over."

All of which would have been a cinch except for the great San Diego Arena imbroglio, which has a suspicious populace poking into his affairs. After obtaining the franchise, Bloom was unable to reach an agreement with Peter Graham to play in his San Diego International Sports Arena. Even though the Sports Arena has lost money, Bloom announced he would build his own coliseum. And typically, Bloom was not thinking of moving slowly. His \$20 million arena is to be part of a \$200 million, 2,100-acre sports and residential development located in a sandy, scrub-filled canyon south of San Diego. The coliseum—which will seat 20,000 for basketball, making it the second largest of its type in the country—will be finished by the opening of next season, or so Bloom says.

Balderdash and other things, say San Diego financiers. "I've talked to a lot of the bankers around here and they all tell me there's no way Bloom will get the financing," says *San Diego Union* Sports Editor Jack Murphy. "I'm really not sure what to think, but I know this much—either Leonard Bloom is as rich as Howard Hughes or as imaginative as Clifford Irving."

Says Bloom, "I've got the money. There are people who have confidence in me and I'm not disturbed by the opinions of bankers. They tend to be quite

*continued*



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Austin Reed of Regent Street, 36 South Franklin Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606

conservative." Where will the games come from? Bloom will not say. He claims he already has over 300 events scheduled for his arena next year. What are they? Bloom will not tell.

One thing is for sure—the Qs cannot play for long in their present home, San Diego State's 4,200-seat Peterson Gym. Even the school's teams no longer perform there, possibly because the players cannot find it, tucked off as it is atop a remote mesa. There are no refreshment stands in the building, no backs on the pullout bleachers and very little wattage in the P.A. system. There are also no turnstiles, a convenience that allows Groza to invent the attendance figures; Alex obviously thinks some fans are coming disguised as empty seats. When the gym is half full, which has been the case at most of the Qs games so far, the place has a jay-vee flavor. Spectators mill around the edge of the floor as the players race past inches away, and much of the crowd is made up of Conquistador friends and relatives. Even if Bloom sold every seat for every game, he would still lose \$500,000 this season, and the deficit will more likely be in excess of \$750,000.

A near-capacity crowd did show up last Friday and with good reason. The ABA schedule makers were generous to the Qs, who played their first seven games at home, four of them against weak teams. San Diego won all four, no small achievement for an expansion team, and then downed the first good club they met, the Eastern Division-leading Carolina Cougars. The Qs won easily 123-109, as former NBA All-Star Joe Caldwell and Billy Cunningham were outplayed by two guys named Ollie Taylor and Jerry Chambers. The big crowd last Friday came to see Utah try to cut the Qs' division lead. The Stars did just that, 123-107, but San Diego stayed close until four minutes to play when Utah broke a 100-100 tie. The loss showed that San Diego is a typical expansion team in another sense—it doesn't have a center to match the likes of Zelmo Beaty, who scored 32 points and drew 10 fouls from the three men who attempted to guard him.

Still, with only one team to beat in its division, the Qs should make the playoffs, in itself a pleasant change for San Diego fans, and if Dr. Bloom's track record holds they may get a new arena too, whether or not they can fill it.

END



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**2. Long-term growth funds:** Diversification and professional management for a fee. When you buy one of the 12 growth funds offered by Merrill Lynch, you get something extra. Our Security Analysts keep an eye on what the funds are doing and issue periodic reports.

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vertibles are hard to understand.

**4. Convertible preferred stocks:** Convertible into the common stock of the company that issued the preferred. They're often bought for the same reasons as convertible bonds.

## How to get tax-free or tax-sheltered income.

**5. Municipal bonds:** Issued by states, cities, and towns. Their big advantage: the interest they pay is free from Federal income taxes. So the net return can get very attractive. If your joint taxable income is \$30,000, for example, a 3½ percent return on municipals is like getting 9 percent on a taxable investment.

**6. Tax-free notes:** Similar to municipal bonds, except that notes pay the face amount in less than a year. Some investors in high tax brackets use tax-free notes as a way to keep their money working between major commitments.

**7. Municipal bond funds:** With as little as \$1,000, you can invest in a portfolio of many different municipal bonds, each chosen by professionals. The income is exempt from Federal taxes.

**8. Deep discount bonds:** Sell for a lot less than the face amount because they were issued when interest rates were lower. The tax advantage. When you collect the face amount (usually \$1,000), your profit is taxed as a capital gain, not as ordinary income.

**9. Retirement programs (self-employed):** Doctors, lawyers, and other self-employed people can get many of the retirement income benefits of people who work for big corporations. The tax advantage. Within limits, you don't have to pay Federal taxes on the money you put into your plan until you retire.

**10. Flower bonds:** U.S. Government bonds with a special feature. You buy them at a discount. But the Federal Government will accept them at full value in payment of Federal estate taxes (which is why they're called "flower" bonds).

**11. Tax-sheltered investment programs:** A way to buy an interest in a limited partnership that invests in businesses like real estate and cattle feeding. The tax advantage: Accounting for depreciation and other factors will probably lead to tax write-offs in the early years. You'll need a substantial amount in net assets to join—and you should check with your tax consultant.

## How to boost your retirement income—without going out on a limb.

**12. Ginnie Mae pass-throughs:** A way to get better than 7 percent on your money with payment of principal and interest guaranteed by the Federal Government. Special feature: Ginnie Mae's return part of the principal with the interest every month. Minimum investment: \$25,000.

**13. Corporate bonds:** A way to collect 7 to 8 percent interest from major corporations. For many retired people, that would mean a significant jump in investment income. High-grade corporate bonds are generally considered safer than the common stock of the same company.

**14. Corporate bond funds:** With as little as \$1,000, you can invest in a portfolio of many different corporate bonds. Professional managers choose the bonds, arrange for safekeeping, and collect the interest. You receive your pro rata share of the interest every month.

**15. Balanced funds:** So-called because your money goes into both

stocks and bonds. The objective is income plus modest growth. Some of our balanced funds offer a check-a-month plan—a very nice way to supplement Social Security.

**16. Writing options:** A way to increase the current income of a stock portfolio without sacrificing quality. You sell the right (an "option") to buy your stock to other investors. Sometimes, the price you get is high enough to equal several years' worth of dividends.

#### **How to earn 7 to 10 percent on your money—right now.**

**17. Real estate investment trusts:** A way to invest in big real estate projects — without having big money. Many real estate trusts cost less than \$50 a share. Dividend yield can run as high as 10 percent, but picking the good trusts takes a sharp eye for quality.

**18. Preferred stocks:** Unlike common stocks, preferred stocks have a fixed dividend rate. Many high-grade preferreds currently pay 7 to 8 percent.

#### **How to invest as little as \$40 in Big Board stocks.**

**19. Special Investor Accounts:** A way to buy stock by the dollar's worth instead of by the share. You pick a New York Stock Exchange stock from a list approved by our Research Department—then buy as little as \$40 worth whenever you wish. You can invest by mail or through your Merrill Lynch Account Executive. Your dividends can be reinvested automatically.

#### **How to earn 3 to 7% with maximum safety.**

**20. U.S. Treasury Bills:** Mature in up to a year. Have paid from \$3.0

over 5 1/2 percent in 1972. Note: If you have to put up collateral for something, you can often do it with Treasury Bills, instead of with no-interest cash. Minimum investment, \$10,000.

**21. U.S. Treasury Notes:** Mature in up to 7 years, have paid from 4 to over 6 1/2 percent in 1972, depending on the life-span of the Note. Like all Federal obligations, Treasury Notes are guaranteed by the U.S. Government. Minimum investment, \$1,000.

**22. U.S. Treasury Bonds:** Mature in up to 26 years, have paid better than 6 1/2 percent in 1972. Minimum investment: \$1,000. (These are not the Savings Bonds most people are familiar with.)

**23. U.S. Government Agency securities:** Not issued by the Federal Government, but some have the Government guarantee. Yields now run from 4 to better than 7 percent, depending on the specific security and maturity date.

#### **How to try for maximum growth (if you can stand the risks).**

**24. Common stocks (Over-the-Counter):** Some OTC stocks are as solid as blue-chips, but a lot of them tend to have wide price swings. Which means a chance for big profits (or equally big losses). At Merrill Lynch, we make a market in over 600 leading OTC stocks.

**25. Selling short:** A way you could make money on a stock that's going down. You borrow the stock from us (on margin), and sell it at the current market price. Then, if the price goes down, you buy the stock and "cover" your sale. Some people make a lot of money this way, but it's a risky business.

**26. Buying options:** Often called "puts and calls," options offer a

way to make \$100 work like \$1,000. But watch out. Leverage works both ways.

**27. Commodity futures:** The opportunities for profit are enormous. So are the risks. But if you have a substantial amount in risk capital, \$50,000 in liquid assets, and plenty of self-control, we can show you a businesslike approach to commodity speculation.

#### **How to get professionals to invest for you.**

**28. Investment counseling:** Lionel D. Edie & Company, Inc., a Merrill Lynch subsidiary, invests substantial sums for a fee. The minimum portfolio is \$500,000.

**29. Portfolio Development Programs:** Offered by Lionel D. Edie & Company for accounts from \$25,000 and up. You state your investment objective, they'll develop a portfolio to match. Then they'll keep tabs on your progress and do all the buying and selling. Maximum annual fee is one percent of the amount invested.

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IF THIS RUSSIAN HERDSMAN had a bit faster mount, he might win an International invite from Joseph Casarella (above), or at least cruise his horse at the Moscow track (right).

# JOURNEY INTO A SECRET LAND

by WHITNEY TOWER

*Any tourist can go racing at the Moscow Hippodrome. It can be a pleasant afternoon with small crowds, 17 races on a program and all the cognac and caviar one could want. What takes more doing is getting to the grass roots of Russia's thoroughbred industry—visiting the country's stables. Sports Illustrated's horse racing editor is the only American journalist who has been invited to tour the breeding farms in the foothills of the Caucasus from which the Soviets hope a runner of international stature may someday emerge. The following is a diary of the trip.*





AUG. 25 Swooping low over the lush countryside outside Moscow, the first impression, after countless other swoopings—into Los Angeles, Miami, New York—is that there are no swimming pools. Lakes drift by, some dotted with rowboats. Never a water skier or even a sailboat. My traveling companion looks down and grins, "What a golf course you could build down there." In all of Russia there is not a single golf course, although a few holes were said to have been built in expectation of a visit by President Eisenhower.

My friend is Joseph Cascarella, the executive vice-president of Maryland's Laurel Race Course, the track that features the Washington, D.C. International. The Russians have sent horses to compete in eight of the 20 Internationals, and on occasion their entries have performed admirably. Zabeg, for example, twice finished fourth and once third. Then came Aniline, who led for most of the way in 1966 before being beaten in the stretch by France's Belisoun. That year Aniline finished ahead of America's three contenders, Assagai, Tom Rolfe and George Royal.

Now Cascarella is seeking a new Soviet champion to invite to his race, which will be held on Nov. 11. He has heard that Nikolai Nasbov, who rode in eight Internationals (more than any other of the world's top jockeys), has a candidate named Herold.

AUG. 26 In Paris I once was of mild assistance, linguistically speaking, to American trainers Jack Price and Frank Whiteley. In Russia I need help. Every sign looks like biloximississippi spelled upside down with a mysterious 3 smack in the middle. We are assigned an interpreter named Dmitri (Mitya) Urnov who, we learn, had a short and frustrating career as a driver of trotters and has written a racing book entitled *Straight from the Horse's Mouth*. In a varied career Mitya has also found time to attend a Shakespeare festival in Stratford, England, deliver the famous gift troika to Cyrus Eaton's farm near Cleveland and lecture on modern literature in English in Havana. Currently, when not guiding visitors, Mitya translates the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, James

Joyce, Henry James, D. H. Lawrence, Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway. He is a member of the A. M. Gorky Institute of World Literature and vice-president of the Soviet-Bulgarian Club of Young Intellectuals.

We are also introduced to Eugeni Gottlieb of the Horse Breeding Department of the Ministry of Agriculture, who provides necessary background about Russia's racing and breeding. "We are not aiming at quantity, but rather at quality," Gottlieb says. While there are four million horses in Russia, almost all are farm animals; in comparison, the racing stock is negligible. In Czarist days horses were used by the cavalry and in various forms of harness—from the trotter to the three-horse troika to the four-horse *zachianka*. Trotters enjoyed wide popularity. So it is, even now. There are 20,000 of them in the country, of which 5,000 are broodmares and some 12,000 horses in training. Thoroughbreds total only 4,000, including 1,000 mares, some 750 foals a year and barely 900 horses in training. The one-sided ratio in favor of trotters is explainable partly because they can be bred artificially and partly because, unlike thoroughbreds, they can be raised on almost any sort of terrain. "At the Moscow Hippodrome," Gottlieb says, "there are 150 days of trotting a year, compared to only 32 days of flat racing, so trotters have established form and therefore the confidence of the people. A flat horse may appear only two or three times a year."

AUG. 27 Sunday, Moscow's big racing day. In a city of nearly eight million, maybe 15,000 turn up at the Hippodrome, an ornate structure that was destroyed by fire in the '40s and rebuilt, complete with columns and statuary, in the mid-'50s. The countless, beless crowd has paid 25¢ apiece for general admission; a seat in one of the few clubhouse boxes costs \$1. No entries or past performances are printed in the newspapers (nor are results published the following day). And no odds are posted on the infield board or anywhere else. The minimum bet is one ruble (\$1.20), and a fan can wager only to win or on the daily double. "In Moscow," says Mit-

ya, "a man bets only because he thinks his horse will win, not because he believes he is getting a break on the odds."

This day when there are six flat races followed by 11 trotting events, the total handle is a paltry \$280,000. From this amount there is a 25% takeout; 5% goes to the government and 20% to the Hippodrome. Not surprisingly, the purses are pitifully low, averaging \$500 for a winning effort. Of this, 30% goes to the trainer, 30% to the jockey, 25% to the groom and what is left to the rest of the stable help. All the racehorses are the property of the state, which luckily does not claim a further share of the meager winnings. At present the owners' list is headed by State Farm No. 33, trainer N. Nasbov.

The race program begins at one o'clock and, as a 10-horse field parades to the post with not a single lead pony in sight, martial music blares across the vast grounds. Besides the male-and-an-eighth main track, the Hippodrome has a mile trotting track, a six-furlong training track and, deep in the infield, a showring with Olympic jumps. The well-groomed horses do not seem to mind the music. One jockey, a pretty Czechoslovakian girl, waves to friends in the grandstand in a most un-Robyn Smith-like gesture. It is her single triumphant moment of the day. She will finish so far back so often—and have so much sand thrown in her face—that by the final event she will wear her goggles over her eyes during the post parade.

There are no starting gates or tapes in Russia. Races begin with the drop of a flag. This often entails three or four false starts. Front-runners are rarely caught, even when 2-year-olds stagger six furlongs in 1:19½ (U.S. colts run 10 seconds faster than that), and even then the last horse in the field may be beaten by more than 100 yards. There is much pomp and ceremony following stakes races with the first four finishers parading as the national anthem plays. Prizes (usually china or crystal, but sometimes just a suitcase) and long horse-show-type ribbons are awarded. The fans, who this day are betting only \$2.30 per race (or less than one-fifth what Americans normally do), applaud politely before ordering another round

continued

of cognac. The track is one of the few places in Moscow where vodka is not readily available. Officials believe it would encourage drunkenness; cognac, because it is more expensive and less popular, seems to cause less trouble.

The mile-and-a-half Moscow Stakes is won with ridiculous ease by Herold, a 1-to-2 favorite. His time is very slow: 2:37½. (Key to the Mint, for instance, needed just 2:28½ in the Woodward Stakes over the same distance.) Trainer Nasibov explains his colt won the Russian Derby on the harder track at Pyatigorsk in 2:28. Nasibov tells Casarella that if any horse from Russia deserves to be invited to Laurel, it is Herold. "Don't judge on today alone," the former jockey declares. "I'm running him again next Sunday, at two miles, and then you'll see how strong he is."

**AUG. 28** We spend most of the day with Nasibov, who at 43 is now even more of a hero than he was as the country's leading jockey. Nasibov has been acclaimed in *Prosveta*, featured in a promotional racing film and has even had brands of cigarettes and cognac named for him. He has been Russia's leading trainer in each of the five years since his retirement as a rider. Of his 115 starters to date this season, he has had 57 winners. He is No. 1 (of four trainers) for State Farm No. 33. He lives in a multiroom apartment overlooking the Hippodrome and drives a new Volga station wagon, which at corresponding U.S. prices would sell for \$8,000.

Nasibov's English is considerably better than it was in 1958 when he made his first appearance at Laurel, carrying his riding gear in a copy of the *Washington Post*. "Here," he says with careful deliberation, "we consider Aniline the best horse to take part in international competition, and Herold may be only one second slower than Aniline. He's not what you would call a picture horse, but he is tough and strong. If he is asked to Laurel he will not disgrace himself."

Nasibov emphasizes the lessons he has learned in America. "I try to get all the speed possible into my 28 horses," he says, "but first I must get them fit. I do not race a 2-year-old more than five times and preferably only three times. And once a horse is fit I believe in long, slow workouts as you do in the U.S. Speed is then attained by a flat-out 1,000 meters, and later by a fast 1,500 meters.

The week before a race, I give my horses two short gallops, one long gallop and nothing but long canters on the other days. But you must understand about my success. You have this expression in America, 'Good horses make good trainers.' Many Russian trainers have not yet discovered that working horses isn't enough. They will learn, as I did, that you must have a real feeling for the animal as an individual. You cannot treat them all alike."

There are only 30 thoroughbred trainers in Russia and, according to Nasibov, about the same number of jockeys. They compete at four major tracks—Moscow, Pyatigorsk, Rostov and Tbilisi. Many jockeys seemed to have poor form. The two 18-year-olds who ride most of Nasibov's horses are different. Both Alexander Chuguevets and Jury Shavuyev have had special training. "Eddie Arcaro was a most elegant man," says Nasibov. "I also admired Shoemaker and Ycaza, but it was Arcaro I tried most to copy, and it is Arcaro's crouch and seat that I try to teach these boys. But it is difficult for me and especially for them. In America a jockey has a chance to ride and improve his style every day. Our jockeys race once a week, and you cannot acquire style when there is such little opportunity. We pick up boys at stud farms and teach them as best we can. I am luckier than most because I know what I want to teach them. Perhaps you noticed Shavuyev, who has won 45 out of his 75 races this year and who rode Herold yesterday. Then you understand."

Nasibov is asked about Russia's systems of identification and testing for drugs. He laughs: "We have no tattoo or any other system of identification because there are so few thoroughbred horses on the tracks that we cannot possibly get them confused. As for drugs, they aren't part of the scene. We take no precautions because we have no problem. Doping simply doesn't exist; nobody's ever heard of it."

**AUG. 29** We fly nearly 1,000 miles south to Pyatigorsk in the foothills of the Caucasus. In Russia this is Lexington and Ocala rolled into one. Crossing hundreds of miles of farmland, we see nothing but narrow dirt roads separating the dark, rich soil of one collective farm after another. Only an occasional combine traversing the magnificent undulating land spoils the tranquillity.

**AUG. 30** There are only about 70 thoroughbred stallions in Russia; 12 of them were imported from European auction rings. The 1,000 broodmares, although they have strains of English bloodlines, are homebreds. The entire lot, mares and stallions, are to be found here on 15 farms. We are about 100 miles north of the Black Sea. The 12 imported stallions, six of which were bought as yearlings for an average price of \$12,000, are concentrated on six farms.

The showplace of Russian breeding, Voskhod, otherwise known as State Farm No. 33, is located 165 miles west of Pyatigorsk. Despite the need to dodge tractors and heavy trucks on a single-lane road, the drive there is delightful, with lines of poplar trees, seemingly endless fields of wheat and corn, enormous herds of beef cattle and an occasional duck farm or apple orchard.

Voskhod differs from a collective farm in that its employees are paid money (the average wage is \$165 a month). A worker on a collective farm receives produce; Voskhod is 18,000 acres in all. It has 3,000 head of Herefords and 1,000 Red Steppe milk cows. The farm also sends three million eggs a year to state markets. In this vast complex 1,000 people live and work. The Ministry of Agriculture has ordered that 1,500 acres at Voskhod be set aside for the production of thoroughbred racehorses. Eighty workers are assigned to this section of the farm, whose prized possession is Aniline, the swift stallion who is mainly responsible for Voskhod receiving the Order of the Red Flag. The honor is noted on a plaque at the entrance to the main office.

This day the acting director of Voskhod is Anatole Avramenko; his wife is something of a celebrity in the community since she is the sister of Cosmonaut Victor Gorbatko. Their father was Voskhod's resident veterinarian. The farm may not put the finest Blue Grass studs to shame, but it is superbly appointed. There are a 50-stall broodmare barn, a mile training track and paddocks averaging four acres each. Phosphates, calcium and nitrogen are used in an up-to-date pasture-rotation system, and the horsemen here believe, much as they do in Ocala, that where young horses can be outdoors constantly in a moderate climate, where snow is negligible and where the earth is rich, the best horses can be bred and raised.

*continued*



The competition: the all-new 1973 Mercury Marquis vs. a \$31,000 European town car in a test of driving comfort.



The jury: 50 commercial airline pilots—professionals with acute sensitivity to motion, vibration, and noise.



Mercury's ride is refined for '73 and it's the only medium price car with steel-belted radial tires, standard.



The majority rated the Mercury smoother, steadier, quieter, easier to handle, more comfortable to drive.



The proof: for documentation, write: Nationwide Consumer Testing Inst., Box 4088, Grand Central Sta., N.Y.C.

**44 out of 50 airline pilots judge the 1973 Mercury more comfortable to drive than a \$31,000 European town car.**



Steel-belted radial tires are standard equipment on every big '73 Mercury. Tests show that the average driver can expect 40,000 miles of tread wear from these tires under normal driving conditions.

The Marquis Brougham is shown in an optional color with optional interior, white sidewall tires, cornering lights, and bumper rub strip.

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low-tar smokers can enjoy  
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New Kool Milds  
tobacco is light, mild,  
and lowered in tar.

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of pure menthol. Pure  
white filter, too.

Here is the taste of extra  
coolness low-tar smokers  
have waited so long  
to enjoy.



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Enjoy a cooler kind of mild.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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Kool Milds 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette,  
by FTC method. Kool Kings 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine;  
Kool Lungs 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 72.

It is a pity that the Russians are laboring under so many handicaps. By the law of averages Aniline is not likely to produce anything as good as himself and the other five stallions at Voshkod could hardly be considered world beaters. Zakaznik, the 1971 Russian Derby winner, is entering his first stud season. Gambrinos started as a British dressage horse and came to Russia via Polish racetracks. Derzky, the sire of Herold, has yet to produce anything nearly as classy. Gist is 21 and the possessor of a mediocre stud record. And Ivory Tower, an Irish bred bought as a yearling at Newmarket, England for \$2,530, has had no noticeable success to date as a stallion.

"We are doing the best we can with the stock we have," says Stud Manager Nikolai Samoylov. "Seventy-five of our 100 mares foal annually and 70 of the offspring will go to the races. Nasibov gets two dozen of these, the rest go to our other trainers. Under our system, when a trainer wins a stake race, as Nasibov is doing regularly, he is privileged to select two of the next crop of yearlings.

Such a system may be fine for Nasibov, but what is to be done to improve the whole state of Russian racing? The subject is delicate. Russian breeders have limited funds. The last time the Ministry of Agriculture approved big spending for a thoroughbred, the Russians paid \$240,000 for England's 1965 St. Leger winner, Provok. The result, he covered one mare and died. "We hope," says Samoylov, "that someday our government may authorize \$500,000 to purchase a stallion from America. But for that figure could we buy an animal with top breeding and a good record? Here at Voshkod we think we have good foundation mares; now we need sires from abroad. See what is happening in Japan. Their racing will improve because they have the money to make the necessary purchases. We wish we had it, too."

AUG. 31 The country meeting in Yatskovsk corresponds to our Saratoga or Del Mar, though it is nowhere near as elegant. There is a mile-and-a-half track and 500 stalls for a Saturday-Sunday season, 50 days a year. Accommodations are minimal and, as at the Moscow Hippodrome, a total lack of automation. Tickets are cashed by women who use

abacuses, the track is swept periodically by a tractor pulling brooms and, because there is no film patrol (only a photo-finish camera), patrol judges are spun around the infield in the back of a rattling, bouncing bus. They watch races without the benefit of binoculars. Crowds average 5,000, but earlier this summer, when the Hippodrome was closed so that its track could be resurfaced, 20,000 turned out to see Herold win the tram-planted Russian Derby.

Our next visit is to the Kurachaevsky Stud, a 55,000-acre layout that features a flock of 20,000 sheep and the Khabardinski horses, a breed used mostly as saddle animals though they are raced and are favorites at the Pyatigorsk track. The Khabardinski is the offspring of a half-bred mare and a thoroughbred stallion; it is renowned for stamina. Herdmen in this rough, hilly country often ride out for a week at a time. A Khabardinski's feet are so hard they never need shoeing.

SEPT. 1 We fly north and spend the afternoon at Moscow's State Farm No. 1, the showplace of trotters. Here, on 7,500 acres just 30 miles outside of Moscow, 40 broodmares and three stallions produce the country's best harness horses. All the mares are descendants of the 200-year-old Orloff breed. This combination of mostly Arab and Dutch blood is peculiar to Russia.

Next, in a new \$1 million glass-enclosed exhibition hall, we are treated to a display of various kinds of Russian horses. These include the Akhal-Tekensky riding horses and the Frackennen dressage specialists. Our host, Dimitri Oshkin, then gives a toast: "The time will come when you will give up smoking, drinking and women. But the horse will endure and you will always love him." Hmmm.

SEPT. 3 Back for Sunday racing at the Hippodrome, and Herold again gallops home an easy winner. In just two days of racing, seven of Nasibov's eight starters have won (the other was third). Herold's two performances, in very slow time, have added up to little more than two consecutive Sunday afternoon works. "Never mind," Nasibov says. "He could run again tomorrow. He won his Derby in faster time than Aniline, and, although time is important in any race, it sometimes is not as important



CHAMPION OF THE U.S.S.R. is 3-year-old Herold, who is scheduled to race in the U.S.

as the claws of the beaten field. He may not be a second Aniline, but he's certainly better than any other racer ever sent from Russia to America." An hour later, after consultation with various officials, it is decided that Herold will make the trip to Laurel.

SEPT. 4 On the way to the airport Casarella tells Matya the name of one horse Herold may have to face at Laurel—Kentucky Derby winner Riva Ridge. Matya says he'd like to come to Maryland but that he will probably be kept at home for special duty. What duty? Well, it falls to Matya to telephone Laurel for the race result. The last time Russia had an entry he encountered several hours of delays and poor communications before getting through. Matya asked the voice on the line for the results. "What the hell are you talking about?" came the reply against a background of bump-and-grind music.

"Well, you see," Matya explained, "our horse and our people are there so you must help me."

"Listen, buster," the man boomed, "there are no horses here. Most of the people are dancers and most of them are naked."

With that, the line from Baltimore went dead. END

*Sadly, not only is Matya being kept home, so is Herold. The horse was about to ship to Laurel last week when a diplomatic snafu developed.*



## LOOKING FOR UNBURIED LOOT

The treasure isn't really all that terrific—it's the joy of the hunt that brings all these pilots buzzing around the Bahamas on an annual madcap air and sea search  
by **ROBERT F. JONES**

**A**t first it is like flying into a television commercial, as if the old tube-watching armchair has sprouted wings and taken off under the orders of some electronic jinn right through the 23-inch screen. Certainly the colors are gaudy enough. Parrot greens and periwinkle blues; whorls of azure paling toward white, a meandering stripe of Day-

Glow purple to mark the edge of the deep. And just as certainly the islands are right. Sudden atolls fringed with palm and pink sand, each a Rorschach blot of living color. The winged armchair banks steeply to the left, diving toward an islet where in a moment, the armchair's pilot is convinced, a smiling, suntanned vacation couple will emerge onto

the sand, waving, bikinied, flashing those Ultra Brite ivories. Up music: steel drums and bamboo flutes, a buttery, black voice proclaiming—*De Bahamas Beckon Too! Youuuu...*

But wait a minute! This is a *real* airplane, a Piper Comanche, and these are the *real* Bahamas—out islands of the Exuma chain, to be precise. The fig-



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL BARRIOS

conquest of the air, wonder was the main theme of aviation writing. Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, the French existentialist of the airways, said it better than most in this passage from *Wind, Sand and Stars*. "Off to Benghazi! We still have two hours of daylight. . . How empty of life is this planet of ours! Once again it struck me that its rivers, its woods, its human habitations were the product of chance, of fortuitous conjunctions of circumstance. What a deal of the earth's surface is given over to rock and sand!"

"But all this was not my affair. My world was the world of flight. Already I could feel the oncoming night within which I should be enclosed as in the precincts of a temple—enclosed as the temple of night for the accomplishment of secret rites and absorption in inviolable contemplation. Already this profane world was beginning to fade out. . . I know nothing, nothing in the world, equal to the wonder of nightfall in the air."

Well then, all of this is by way of preamble to an invitation. If you care to recover the wonder and thrill of flying, if you would like to peel away the plastic coating that television and the airlines

have laid over the bare wires of airborne excitement, then buy, beg, borrow or steal a light plane and fly down to the Bahamas this Nov. 27 for the Flying Treasure Hunt. If Saint-Exupéry had not been killed in World War II he would be there. It is one of those wonderful "secret rites" of which he was so fond.

On one level the Bahamas Flying Treasure Hunt is a monster public-relations gamecock. The event is open to pilots from anywhere in the world who for a \$25 entrance fee fly around the 700 islands of the Bahamas for the better part of a week looking for aerial clues. The clues, 18 of them, are in the form of aerial photographs—of lighthouses, sunken ships, capes or cays, reefs or reservoirs—and the pilot who accurately identifies the most wins a piece of property in the Bahamas (usually on one of the islands that the Bahamian government is presently pushing as a new real-estate development). Those who fail to win the big prize are rewarded with the treasure of flying the islands at reef-top height, or simply enjoying the sun, the rum and the wonder. The Bahamian government is rewarded with the money the visitors spend (an average of \$4,000 per plane per *hunt*) and the knowledge that many of the pilots, having learned how to fly the islands, will return as vacationers or prospective land buyers. After all, the Bahamas are only 55 miles east of Florida; a 20-minute flight by light plane, barring hurricane.

On a subtler level, the Hunt is an aerial Happening, a congress of flying fans who pretend to be sane, well-to-do Middle Americans but who in fact are the reincarnations of Captain Midnight and Hop Harrigan, Simlin' Jack and the Daredevil Girl Pilot. There is even a benevolent, latter-day Red Baron—Hans Groenhoff, a transplanted German who dreamed up the Treasure Hunt a decade ago for the Bahamian Ministry of Tourism and who still turns it with refreshingly un-Teutonic humor. "Flying is fun and tourism is fun," Hans likes

*continued*

ures, if any, that emerge on the beach will be wearing sun-bleached work clothes, not bikinis. Their teeth, if any, will be tan, not white. (In these islands, the conch fishermen still outnumber the tourists 10 to 1.) Such, however, is the numbing influence of our culture that even the reality of flight through the handsomest riles of the Caribbean seems to be something we are watching, not actually doing. We have grown so accustomed to the calm sterility of the big jetliners that we no longer can feel (dare we say it?) the thrill of flying.

And thrills, of course, are akin to wonder, a commodity all too rare in an age of glib explanation (" . . . in the event of a loss of cabin pressure, the oxygen mask in the compartment above . . ." etc.) Back in the early days of flight, when men still felt amazement at their



to say, "therefore flying-tourism should be double fun."

Add Greenhoff to the equation and you have triple fun. A short, wiry, mustachioed aviator, the 63-year-old Greenhoff split from the Fatherland when Hitler came to power but not before acquiring a nifty Heidelberg dueling scar. "Ja, sure, everyone had to have one," he chuckles, rubbing the white welt of the *Schramme* that cuts like a second part through his thinning salt-and-pepper hair. "I was the shortest man ever to attend Heidelberg, so I took my *Schlag* on the top of the head—easiest place to hit me." To his role as the Treasure Hunt's chief coordinator and *maître d'armoire*, Greenhoff brings a delightful sense of play. There are no mere aviators in his game, only "Fearless Flyers" and "Courageous Hunters." As for his own rather commercial involvement in the event, he explains: "There was an opening for a job with the Bahamian Ministry of Tourism. I thought it said 'Bohemian,' and being a bit of a hippie I accepted it. Been here ever since."

Last year's Treasure Hunt was the seventh in the series—the event was not held in 1969 or 1970 but was revived "by popular demand"—and Greenhoff was on hand as usual to greet the earliest arrivals, accompanied by his able wife Fran, whose quavo-hardboiled New York dialect stood out in refreshing con-

trast to the soft Bahamian slur all around her. The scene was the West End airstrip on Grand Bahama Island, northernmost of the group, but by squinting one's eyes in the coralline sunlight as the planes roared in, it might have been Guadalcanal's Henderson Field during the height of the battle for the Solomons. Rare was the fearless flier who did not buzz the joint before touching down. "Have to warn them about that," muttered Greenhoff. "Above all, safety comes first." He looked over at the rapidly dwindling tub of mai tays that welcomed the new arrivals. "We'd better top off the fuel tank, Fran."

The armada of competing aircraft—127 in all—was an impressive sight lined up on the hardstand. "We have more planes here than the average country has in its entire air force," chorled Fran. They ranged in size and cost from a sleek, white-and-yellow, \$750,000 Mitsubishi MU-2 down to blocky but sturdy single-engined Pipers, Cessnas and Mooneys that cost no more than a two-bedroom house or a Ferrari 365 GTB. In a scene reminiscent of a hot-rod show, the competitors wandered up and down the line, kicking tires and commenting sagely on the nubbins and antennae of the sophisticated navigational and electronic gear in the costlier aircraft. Say, this feller's got one of them double-doppler, flip-top frazzle scanners that lets you

land upside down in a hailstorm—or words to that effect. Yes, there is still a touch of mystery to the art of aviation.

The Intrepid Aeronauts were a bit more comprehensible to the layman. They ranged in age from a leucised 14-year-old to a spry and leathery gaffer from St. Louis named Denver Wright, in the 82nd year of his age, who had not missed a single Treasure Hunt. Younger pilots stepped back from him in reverential awe, wondering if he might not be the third Wright Brother. (Nope, but it's nice to think so.) The man who had flown the longest distance to join the Hunt was one Earl Beedle, an insurance tycoon from Carmichael, Calif., who had crossed the continent in his Cessna 210 with only three stops and a total of 15 flying hours. To be sure, Beedle's arms and legs were still locked in the flying position and his eyes flashed red as a Grimes beacon when they lifted him out of the cockpit, but he was still smiling, a fixed grin that never came unstuck throughout the week. The earliest arrival was Dr. E. Y. Detyen of Guthrie, Okla., a ruddy-cheeked, hard-drinking veterinarian who had winged his single-engined Mooney over the 1,000-mile distance in 5½ hours. "Had to do it fast," the Doc allowed over rum and limbo music at a luau in the Grand Bahama Hotel that evening. "I'd been out chippin' over the weekend and I was bringin' a load of Rocky Mountain oysters to some friends in Florida. Couldn't let 'em spoil—not after the sacrifice those bulls made in the cause of *haute cuisine*—haw, haw, haw!"

There was little such levity as the final weather briefing the following morning. A tropical storm, code-named Laura, was swirling off the coast of Cuba to the southwest, and although her final course could not yet be predicted accurately, it looked as if Laura might head up into the Bahamas, increasing to hurricane velocity en route.

"Laura's influence right now extends nearly to the southern end of the Exumas," warned Greenhoff. "Therefore, those of you who plan to hunt down toward Strella Maris on Long Island—which is just southeast of the Exumas—will probably run into high over-cast and strong winds." Muttering imprecations at Laura, the Fearless Flyers headed for their aircraft, studying the clue sheet as they went. In addition to the 18 aerial photographs, Greenhoff



had added a tricky 19th clue as a tie breaker—"A brilliant red design which represents something that is frequently seen in the Bahamas." A painted coconut? A Sally Lightfoot crab? The sunburned portbelly of a stockbroker who wisely sold short? We would soon see.

As the aerial armada scattered from West End, it quickly became evident that only about a third of the contestants were serious competitors. The majority of the planes simply hopped over to Treasure Cay on the northern tip of Great Abaco Island—a half hour's flight from Grand Bahama—for a leisurely buffet lunch punctuated with more rum. The minority headed for Laura and the clues.

One of the planes heading south was a red-and-white Cherokee Six whose pilot carried a business card that read:

# INTRODUCING

NORM DUNN

AVIATOR EXTRAORDINAIRE (VIP)

SORT SHOE DANCER MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER

LOVER OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

WILL ACCEPT CHICKS TOO

HAVE PLANE—WILL TRAVEL

SPECIALIST IN

REVOLUTIONS GUN RUNNING

BOOZEGOGGING CIVIL WARS

SMUGGLING ORIGINS

Ah, here it was, all in one package! The entire Hop Harrigan-Smilin' Jack syndrome rolled up in one man! Call him Captain Middy. In point of fact, however, Norm Dunn turned out to be a soft-spoken, neatly clipped executive of the Piper Aircraft Corp., whose cargo on this flight consisted not of guns or rum or revolution, but rather of his wife Marie and his teen-aged son Randy. A naval aviator during World War II (torpedo bombers) and later in Korea, Dunn proved a smooth, safe pilot with a kind of sixth sense when it came to turbulence: he always knew how to avoid it. "The business card's a joke, of course," he was quick to explain in his nervous, corporate manner. Then he stared down at the glittering coves and reefs of Great Abaco sliding under the port wing. "But I suppose that there's an element of fantasy in it. Romance is a dirty word nowadays, although back when I started to fly in the early 1940s there was no more romantic an occupation than being a pilot. I guess there still are a few aerial soldiers of fortune, running guns and booze and other stuff, but most private

pilots are just plain folks who use their planes for business or recreation—pretty serious people. That's why this Treasure Hunt is such a kick. You can play at romance again, and not be laughed at." Marie and Randy chuckled—not unkindly—and Norm busied himself with his instruments.

South of Great Abaco, the sky began to thicken with the gray outsiders of Laura's violent persuasion. The bent, green bow of Eleuthera loomed ahead to the east. Dunn took the Cherokee over New Providence Island—Nassau's downtown street traffic, from 1,000 feet up, looked as thick as Manhattan's—and after avoiding the churning, black-tinged wakes of a few jetliners, set a course for Norman's Cay, one of the northerly islands of the Exuma chain. "Norman's Cay isn't named for me, though I wish it was," Dunn explained. "We'll put down there and go for a swim. It's one of the few islands in the Bahamas where you can park your plane at the end of the runway and dive off the wing into the water." He studied the murky skies ahead. "Looks like we'd better swim now while we have the chance, Laura permitting."

Dunn brought off the cross-wind landing with a carrier pilot's aplomb. Moments later, another plane touched down—a Mooney piloted by a young hydraulics executive from Greenville, S.C. named Gary Loftus ("Fine name for a pilot," mumbled Randy Dunn, himself an aspiring aviator. "Get at 'Aloft-

us?"). Loftus' supercargo was a young woman named Kay Leigh Kreidler who enlivened the beach party by peeling to her bikini and splashing water on everyone, wet or dry. Livelier still was the proprietress of the island, a young Englishwoman who wheeled up in a station wagon to inquire if the party was lost. Reassured that the only thing the party might have lost was the opportunity to swim in the days immediately ahead, she took heed. "I'm Penny Turtle," she said, immediately unbuttoning her blouse, "and I live here with my husband Bill Turtle in a houseboat named *R.U.A. Turtle*. If you don't mind, I'll join you. We Turtles just love the water." Ah, that old Bahamian wit and hospitality.

After the swimming came the real flying—the long, low-level search along the Exumas en route to Stella Maris. Perhaps it was the salt caking on slightly sunburnt skins, or the threat of storm crackling through the air. Whatever it was, it caused the Bernoulli Principle to become more than a physics book explanation of flight. One could actually feel the lift generated by the wings slicing through the warm, wet fluid called air; feel the subtle turns effected by the ailerons and trim tabs. It was suddenly—wonderfully—clear that this vehicle diving down to take a closer look at some unnamed and unnameable islet was a fragile, pliable skeleton wrapped in soft aluminum, carrying fragile and pliable skeletons wrapped in flesh. With that rather so-

ron Guard



being realization, flight ceased to be Transportation and once again became Adventure. Other hunters were in the sky, Barons and Aero Commanders, Senecas and Aztecs—the very names of the planes reflecting their builders' exalted view of history, naive though it might be—and Dunn kept a close eye on them. A cardinal rule of the Hunt holds that the best way to find clues is to find other planes finding clues.

The sky grew continually darker, both from cloud cover and the waning of the day. Dunn nearly missed a turnoff from Great Exuma Island, where he intended to turn east for Stella Maris. But eagle-eyed Randy spotted another plane's landing lights putting down at the George Town airstrip on Great Exuma, and Dunn made his turn on time. A stiff crosswind was ripping the nearly invisible windsock at Stella Maris when Dunn put down. "Two landings for the price of one," he laughed as the Cherokee bounced once on touchdown. "Sorry about that."

That was as close as Laura came to disrupting the Hunt. During the night, while the Fearless Fliers who had risked the flight down to Stella Maris—there were less than half a dozen planes on the resort's strip—rewarded themselves with rum and tall tales in the bar, and while salt-soaked driftwood blazed orange and blue on the fire, and while the wind howled in from the open Atlantic piling miniature sand dunes on the floor, Laura turned in her track and chugged off toward the Gulf of Mexico. One of the Hunters, a husky female physicist from Fairborn, Ohio named E. Anne Buvinger, cheered Laura on her way. "Great," she guffawed, "tomorrow we can go sea-bathing. I love it underwater almost as much as I do up in the air." The image came to mind of an aircraft equipped with tanks and a regulator, a translucent plane like Wonder Woman's in the old comic books, half airplane and half submarine. . . .

The following morning, hiking down to the beach at daybreak, Norm Dunn spotted something strange under a clump of frangipani trees in front of the hotel: a six-foot-tall letter "A" laid out in brilliant red cloth. "Hey," he asked at breakfast, "how often does the letter 'A' occur in the word 'Bahamas'?" Sure enough, he had found Groenhoff's non-photographic clue: "A brilliant red design which represents something that is fre-

quently seen in the Bahamas." It was like cracking a code. Who could take the competitive aspects of the Treasure Hunt seriously after discovering Hans Groenhoff's intent to playfully exposed under the frangipani trees? In Saint-Exupéry's phrase, "Already this profane world was beginning to fade out."

It faded into a round of early morning flights in search of clues, followed by days of sailing and skin diving, easy conversation about the places to which only a light plane could take a man (or a woman and children for that matter). Medicine Hat and the River of No Return; an ice-water lake in Labrador where the brook trout run up to 10 pounds; a field in the Yucatan where the Mayan carvings lie nearly as thick and close as the iguanas. There was the usual shop-talk endemic among people who are hooked on machines, but far less than one encounters among the car or motorcycle set, whose main concern in life seems to be flaminess and gear ratios. "It's the art of flying that's important," said Anne Buvinger. "That, and what you do once the airplane has gotten you to where you want to be."

As the week drew to a close, the Hunters rendezvoused in Nassau to turn in their clue sheets, each identification marked with latitude and longitude. Despite the early threat from Laura, there had been only one close call. An aging Piper Geronimo piloted by a dry-goods merchant named Lee Spickard, 47, of Knoxville, Tenn., had crashed in Nassau. The wreckage was visible to all the other Hunters as they landed—a bent and burn-out case at the end of the runway. Spickard and his three passengers were there in the hangar, slightly battered but unbowed, sipping champagne while they told the tale of near disaster over and over again.

"We were taking off for George Town when we began losing oil from the port engine," said Spickard's accountant, James Hickman. "I could see the oil spilling over the cowlings. Lee, who's been flying for 23 years, immediately swung back to land, but we had to make two approaches and we were losing altitude all the time. I had my camera loaded and got some really nifty shots of the feathered prop and of the emergency tracks racing out to pick up the pieces. It was strange and in a way reassuring: you often wonder if you'll panic when

a plane you're riding in starts to crash, but I found myself perfectly calm, a disinterested spectator at what might have been my own cremation. Then it was just bump, smash and fire. I burnt my hand on the fuselage when I jumped out of the wreck, but it didn't even hurt until later. Lee wants to buy an Aztec for next year's Treasure Hunt." For a 60-year-old certified public accountant, Hickman was pretty cool.

The awards dinner concluding the Seventh Bahamas Flying Treasure Hunt was nearly as aerial as the event itself, thanks to Hans Groenhoff's cultivated concern with the menu. The guests, all well fueled with the bartender's equivalent of av-gas, enjoyed Shrimp Spittle and Filet Mignon Concorde, Satellite Vegetables and Salad Red Baron, topped off with Parfait Whirlybird and Coffee Phantom. Only the wine—a Bordeaux Saint-Emilion—was non-aeronautical, but it had subtle wings of its own.

The winner of the first prize treasure, a lot on Long Island's Stella Maris Resort, proved to be Hal Roberts, 47, a lumber baron from Camden, N.J., who had been flying a Cessna P206. "I got 14 of the clues," he said in his slightly slurred acceptance speech, "and my wife Jerry got one and my brother-in-law got another one. That makes 16, hey? I won this race and I'm gonna stay here all night if you want me to."

No one actually wanted him to. After all, the real prizes of the Treasure Hunt had been collected long before the last plane touched down at Nassau—gathered at the nerve ends in high-G turns over Rudder Cut and Tarpum Head, or during those long, swift slides down the wind toward Hawks Nest Point or the Sail Rocks. The real first prize was a return to the wonder of flight, obtainable only in a light plane over beautiful but dangerous terrain. One thinks again of Saint-Exupéry packing the normal through the Andes in 1930: "He felt at ease up here, snugly ensconced. He passed his fingers along a steel rib and felt the stream of life that flowed in it, the metal did not vibrate, yet it was alive. The engine's 500-hp bred in its texture, a very gentle current, frying its ice-cold rind into a velvety bloom. Once again the pilot in full flight experienced neither idleness nor any thrill; only the mystery of metal turned to living flesh. . . . So he had found his world again. . . ."

END

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Note: These are the same Blue Diamond almonds you sampled with cocktails on the airlines. More and more stores are now stocking them. Blue Diamond snack almonds are also available in four other great flavors: Roasted Salted, Onion Garlic, Barbecue and Cheese. If you can't find them in your store, please write.

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There are imitators, of course. There always will be. But there's only one Grand Prix. We build it because we understand the pure pleasure one can derive from an extraordinary automobile.

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Mild, smooth taste.  
For all the right reasons.  
Kent.**



**America's quality cigarette.  
King Size or Deluxe 100's.**

King: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine.  
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Actor **Richard Boone**, a sparring partner of pro boxers for 11 years and a friend of **Archie Moore**, tells this story. It seems that Archie, driving on a Los Angeles street, did something to anger another driver. "This guy," Boone says, "grabbed Archie by the collar and began yelling 'F---, nigger, you f---, think you can . . .'" Then he stopped and said, "Say, don't I know you from somewhere?" Brushing the man's hands off, Archie said, very gently, "You ain't rollin' like you do."

"**James Monroe** is kind of out of it, man. We have no way of relating to him," explained a student spokesman for a petition to change the name of James Monroe High School in Sepulveda, Calif. to **Marilyn Monroe** High School. But what could Marilyn Monroe H.S. nickname its athletic teams? That they could all relate to, that is?

Present Indiana Governor **Edgar Whitcomb** was called in to substitute for Republican gubernatorial candidate **Dr. Otis Bowen** in placekicking a red, white and blue (political) football at a rally in Indianapolis. Whitcomb made good contact but the trajectory was low, the ball hitting a female onlooker in the forehead. The governor rushed to her, apologized and kissed her. "I'm sorry Dr. Bowen couldn't have been here to kick that," he said. Or maybe that other candidate, Whisharhame, who said just the other day, "My golf game is improving. I shot 92. But only three of them were seriously injured."

**Dick Taylor**, a Topeka roofing contractor, recently showed his disdain for Kansas' chances in the Nebraska game by making a series of bets in which he took Nebraska and gave as the point spread the temperature at kickoff time. All of Taylor's friends laughed—until two days before

the game, when the temperature dropped to 20°, a record for the date and a low neither Kansas nor Taylor needed. With the final score 56-0, he could have won in a heat wave.

For appearing on the *Dick Cavett Show*, Olympic 800-meter gold medalist **Dave Wottle** of Bowling Green State University was given \$100 to be donated to charity. Wottle's selection: the Bowling Green track team.

What may have been the world's first blacktop-breaking ceremony took place at Yosemite National Park. **George Hartung Jr.**, director of the Park Service, packed a piece of pavement to start the removal of several large parking lots, to be replaced by grass, trees and flowers.

**Russell Yeulett** of Cairns, Australia was motorcycling along near home when he noticed a crocodile lying beside the road. "I thought it was dead, and wanted the skin, so I just tossed it on the back seat," Yeulett said. "I had gone about two miles when I heard its jaws snap." Yeulett did not look back. He drove straight to the zoo.

Humble **Howard Cosell** gets the award for the world's most Machiavellian radio commercial. "And now I'd like to tell you about a snack you may not like," Cosell begins his spiel. "Slim Jim's Meat Snacks have a spicy, tangy flavor that no one is ever neutral about. You either love them or you don't." Cosell pauses for full effect, scowls and says, "Me? I can't stand 'em." Slim Jim's reasoning is obvious: all the people who can't stand Howard Cosell will run right out and buy a gross.

British Private **Gary Smart** requested compassionate leave from his commanding officer to visit a sick friend. Right? Standard military procedure. Re-

quest granted. Except that Smart wanted to go home to see a sick whale. **Rama Smart** had been working at the Windsor Safari Park. Since his enlistment Rama had been pining away. He did an about-face on Gary's return and went back to eating his normal 130 pounds a day. Smart whale, all right.

There was an atmosphere more of a second-story burglary than of a football excursion surrounding Navy's trip to the Rockies for a game against Air Force.

♦ The Commonwealth has taste. Funny taste. After predicting that the Russians would win six of eight games in the hockey series against Canada, *Montreal Star* columnist **John Robertson** ate his column. The whole thing, liberally doused with Russian dressing. How did it taste? "As bad as it read," Robertson says.

In Australia, when swimmer **Shane Gould** was being presented a bouquet at the Melbourne Cricket Ground, an attending police horse decided it would make a nice snack. As Shane looked elsewhere, doberman took



The Madfies struck into town as late as possible Friday night and left immediately after making off with a 21-17 victory, all to spend as little time as possible in Colorado's thin air. Why is the mystery? When the Navy coach, **Rick Forzano**, was at Wooster of Ohio, he recalls, the team turned to oxygen for help, and sure enough, a back won 87 yards for the winning touchdown. "Afterward he told reporters it was the oxygen," Forzano says. "I figured I'd try some oxygen myself. When I put it to my mouth, I didn't feel anything. I turned loose of the clubmen and he said, 'Yeah, coach, by the way, I couldn't get those tanks working all day.'"

a large bite. Shane decided half a bouquet was worse than none and fed him the rest.

**John Ladd**, equipment manager for the Norwich (Vt.) University football team, has missed only five days' work in the last 10 years despite certain possible distractions. He helps manage a 175-acre farm, has 15 great-grandchildren and is 90 years old.

How well does **Slamr Chavozer**, the Sacramento coach who developed Mark Spitz, Debbie Meyer and other Olympic swimmers, do in the water himself? "If I fell out of a boat 20 feet from shore, I could barely make it," Chavozer says.



## One more for the grinder

There is nothing fancy about Michigan football, as Minnesota found out last week, just an iron-curtain defense and run, run, run

The Little Brown Jug, a modest crockery vessel now 69 years of age, was once a trophy for titans. It was fought for on the battlefield of national championships and much of college football's history is written on its sides. Ah, but no more, no more. One night last week, just before the annual Michigan-Minnesota "classic rivalry," as it used to be called, Glenn E. (Bo) Schembechler, a sandy-haired efficiency expert who coaches Michigan, found it expedient to call a meeting of his team and gently explain all about the Little Brown Jug, that it went to the winner of this game. "Some of our younger fellows didn't know all that much about it," he said later. "It's not something that we dwell on a lot."

That is not hard to understand. The Wolverines are a powerful crowd, unbeaten and ranked fifth in the country last week, and they were rated 29-point favorites over the enfeebled Gophers, who had won just one game. Of course, 29 points is a grotesque and insulting spread. Bo Schembechler said scornfully, "There is no way two Big Ten teams

should ever be rated that far apart."

Well, neither the Big Ten nor the Little Brown Jug are quite what they used to be. And on a chill, foggy afternoon before 84,190 moist fans in Michigan Stadium, the Wolverines absolutely eradicated the Gophers 42-0. One shudders at the ease with which the execution was done (although one could not be surprised, for it was the fifth straight win in the series for Michigan, which has scored 184 points in those five games). The Wolverines chewed up the Gophers with their usual brutish combination of a nearly flawless defense and a hard-slogging, mind-numbing ground game. The defense, a quick and aggressive bunch, was particularly impressive against Minnesota, smothering what little spark the Gophers may have had by recovering one fumble and intercepting four passes, one resulting in a 68-yard touchdown return by Safety Dave Brown, who also intercepted another pass and was in on no less than 13 tackles. Schembechler kept most of his first-string defense in the game until the fourth quarter despite the desperately lopsided score be-

**BATTERING RAM** of the Wolverine attack was Ed Shultesworth, who scored four times.

cause he wanted to be sure Minnesota got no points: the Wolverines lead the nation in anti-scoring, having held their seven opponents to an average of 4.2 points per game.

As for the Michigan offense, it has long been labeled colorless and odorless, an excruciatingly repetitious exercise in hutchery and boredom. It has been called the Meat Grinder's Offense. Bo Schembechler takes umbrage at the label: "Well," he said, "it is true that I told some reporters that if we have to grind meat to move the ball, then we'll grind meat. And I meant just that. Last year we could not pass well and we had to do the meat-grinding thing. This year we're more versatile."

Until last week it didn't really seem so. The Wolverines had spent so much time making hamburger that before the Minnesota game they had rushed for 1,802 yards while passing for a mere 321. And against the Gophers, the Wolverine running attack was still the major weapon of the day. Operating out of the Power I, Michigan's backs moved with ease through Minnesota's mushy and uncertain defense. Fullback Ed Shultesworth, a relentless runner, thudded into the line again and again, chopping off what seemed like dozens of steady, unspectacular five-yard gains. In all, Shultesworth earned 19 times for 86 yards and scored on four touchdowns runs, the longest from four yards out. Although it hardly seemed to exert itself against the Gophers, Michigan had gained 245 yards on the ground when the dark afternoon was over. Though several other Wolverine ballcarriers have been most impressive in previous games this year—notably the quick little sophomore split end, Gil Chapman, who has scored touchdowns on runs of 58 and 73 yards, and Tailback Chuck Heater, another sophomore, who is averaging over five yards per carry—none shone with particular brightness against Minnesota's somber defense.

None, that is, with the impressive exception of the Wolverine quarterback, a cool and lanky black sophomore from Massillon, Ohio named Dennis Franklin. His performance was extraordinary, perhaps more for what it forecast about him and about Michigan

continues





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The Super Beetle. Over 2.5 million sold in America. A whole new way of looking at the world. And looking at Volkswagen.

When the door is open, things look good. On the inside, it's a whole new world. The Super Beetle is a whole new way of looking at the world. It's a whole new way of looking at the world. It's a whole new way of looking at the world.

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Together, the interior of the Super Beetle is a whole new way of looking at the world.

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Few things in life work as well as a Volkswagen.

than for what he actually accomplished against Minnesota. He won the starting job when his competition, Kevin Casey, was hurt just before the season began. "The Menace has been developing beyond anything we could have hoped," says Schembechler. "He's getting smoother and better and smarter every day." Prior to the Minnesota game, Franklin's forte had been his handling of the Power I (he is an exceptional faker) and his own running from various options (he had gained 347 yards in 71 carries). However, his passing had been mediocre and every bit as infrequent as one would expect from the man running a meat-grinding machine.

This is not to say that Dennis Franklin burst upon the world last Saturday as a budding Namath. Against Minnesota his running was still his strength and he gained 74 yards in nine rushes and scored a touchdown. He also led the team with confidence and authority which belie his years. Though Schembechler calls basic plays from the bench and his teams have been labeled "Bo's Robots," he claims that Franklin changes plays consistently through audible calls at the line of scrimmage. But beyond these expected things, Dennis Franklin also threw eight passes, completing five for 94 yards. Hardly eye-popping statistics by some standards, but those who have come to know Michigan football appreciated the performance. Franklin threw with powerful zip and line accuracy, smacking his receivers square in the numbers. One cannot remake a Meat Grinder into a Phantom Jet in one day, but Michigan is trying to diversify.

All of which should make the Wolverines one of the most formidable teams in the country, right? Well, not necessarily. It is a little hard to tell how good the team really is. It has been widely (and rightly) accused of having one of the nation's most marshmallow schedules, a coach's candy dream list that includes only UCLA, Ohio State and, to be generous, Purdue, as authentic football teams out of the 11 that Michigan meets. So far, the Wolverines have simply ravaged their opposition, scoring 192 points to 30 and gaining nearly twice as many yards. And who have they beaten? Here is who: Northwestern, UCLA, Tulane, Navy, Michigan State, Illinois and Minnesota. Only one—UCLA—has a winning percentage.

Now it is true that Michigan was enormously impressive in defeating a fine UCLA team 26-9, even though UCLA played most of the game without its No. 1 quarterback, Mark Harmon. That win was no fluke. "I'm not boasting that this is some kind of a super team," says Schembechler, "but this schedule was made up years ago and it was not arranged to make it easy. My God, it's got eight Big Ten teams on it. Don't forget, whatever they're saying about the Big Ten nowadays, it's still a very physical league and there are plenty of damn good football players in it."

Perhaps so. But they are saying some very insulting things about the Big Ten nowadays. There was a time, about 17 or 18 years ago, when the Little Brown Jug did not have to be explained to Michigan football players no matter how young they were, and when any team playing eight Big Ten teams would have been facing one of the fiercest tests of courage known to organized sport. Any team that emerged from that brutal caldron unbeaten would be crowned national champion practically by unanimous consent. Now the weekly football rankings list once-beaten Nebraska higher than either of the two undefeated Big Ten teams—Michigan and Ohio State. Among the reasons for this loss of prestige is the fact that for three straight years the Big Ten has sent its champion to the Rose Bowl and has emerged with a loser each time. Thus a Big Ten schedule is regarded as little more than a sweet autumn waltz. Don Canham, Michigan's energetic and outspoken athletic director, said, "We all assumed the Big Ten would be the Big Ten forever. We didn't change with the times. Complacency killed the king. We weren't generous enough with our scholarships. We refused to put in a redshirt eligibility rule. We wouldn't let our conference champions go to the Rose Bowl in consecutive years. We've probably done less construction of new athletic facilities in the Big Ten than any other conference in the country. And every other league around came into our territory and recruited our kids. We did not—we could not—compete. We can turn it around and we will. But we'll never be the Big Ten we were."

Certainly not. Today the Big Ten probably ranks a sliding fourth in college football conferences—behind the Big Eight, Pacific Eight and Southeastern. What-

ever the Big Ten may come to be, it is today a has-been.

How good is Michigan? It isn't likely anyone will know for sure until Nov. 25, when the Wolverines clash at last with the Buckeyes of Ohio State. They were among a mere five unbeaten teams in the U.S. last week. And unless the sky snows stones or the sun turns black, both will remain undefeated until they meet on the last day of their seasons. For Ohio State has an even easier schedule than Michigan, playing eight Big Ten friends plus North Carolina (5-1) of the relatively lower-echelon Atlantic Coast Conference and beleaguered California (1-7).

The trophy in the Michigan-Ohio State battle will be, of course, tickets to the Rose Bowl, where it is just possible that the national championship may also hang in the balance, assuming an unbeaten USC is the opponent. The Wolverine-Buckeye clash will also decide the winner of the Big Ten title. That may take almost as much explaining to some of the younger players as the meaning of the Little Brown Jug.

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## THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

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### MIDWEST

1. MICHIGAN (7-0)
2. OHIO STATE (6-0)
3. NEBRASKA (6-1)

Michigan's chief rival in the Big Ten, Ohio State, had more trouble than it expected from Wisconsin before winning 28-20. The Buckeyes drove for touchdowns on their first four possessions but were shut out in the second half when Wisconsin scored twice and was threatening again as time ran out. Ohio State added a passing offense to its always potent ground game, with Quarterback Greg Hare completing nine of 12 for 120 yards.

Purdue also remained in the fight, with its fourth straight league victory after three nonconference defeats. The Boilermakers edged winless Illinois 20-14. Michigan State lost five fumbles and was tied 6-6 by Iowa when the Hawkeyes' Harry Kokoris kicked his second field goal in the fourth quarter. Northwestern, which had won only once,

rose from the cellar to upset Indiana 23-14.

His center was "seared to death," his placement holder was shaking so that he bobbed the ball and the kicker himself was still fretting over his miss of a shorter field-goal attempt 92 seconds earlier. But this time, from 11 yards farther out and with six seconds remaining, Missouri's Greg Hill kicked the 33-yard three-pointer that upset Colorado 20-17. The Tigers' first Big Eight win of the season and fourth in seven games followed last week's stunning 30-26 upset of Notre Dame, when Hill kicked three field goals. Colorado Coach Eddie Crowder had hoped to save ailing Charlie Davis for this week's game against Nebraska, but when the Bulls trailed 10-0 at the half, Davis was ushered in. He helped bring Colorado back but never into the lead. Missouri got a day's work from its best runner, Tommy Reamon. "If they give me the ball, we can beat Colorado," Reamon had said before the game. Missouri did, 15 times for 87 yards and a touchdown, and Reamon was right.

Oklahoma found the offensive spark that had been missing the last two weeks in a lackluster win over Texas and an upset loss to Colorado. The Whooshbone drubbed Kansas State 52-0 as Greg Pruitt had his best day of the year. Unlimited Talent scored three times and his 122 yards on 19 carries put him second to Steve Owens on the school's all-time rushing list. As in its four previous wins, the Sooner defense did not allow a touchdown.

Iowa State surprised Kansas with a 49-yard scoring pass on its first play and went on to a 34-8 victory. Sophomore Mike Strahan rushed for 164 yards and Quarterback George Amundson had 288 yards total offense. "Amundson deserves the Heisman," said Coach Johnny Majors, who nearly won it himself at Tennessee in 1956. Nebraska took possession of the Big Eight lead with its sixth straight win and fourth consecutive shutout, 34-0 over Oklahoma State. The offense had its most productive day of the season with 566 yards, and Johnny Rodgers scored two more touchdowns.

Notre Dame averaged almost seven yards per rush and stopped Texas Christian's Mike Luttrell cold to win 21-0.

## SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (5-1)
2. TEXAS TECH (6-1)
3. ARKANSAS (5-2)

Race Coach Al Conner, all 250 pounds of him, staged a mock burial of his team's mistakes against SMU in order to be better prepared for Texas. Alas, his quarterbacks threw four interceptions, his runners lost

two fumbles, and the Longhorns rolled 45-9. Texas Fullback Roosevelt Leaks played only the first half but equaled the 154 yards he gained the week before. He did it in only 15 carries and scored from the 39 and 26 as Texas built a 31-9 lead.

The Longhorns' victory gave them sole possession of first place in the Southwest Conference when Texas Tech upset SMU 17-3. Mustang runners Alvin Maxson and Wayne Morris had been combating for an average of 209 yards per game but they were held to 83 by an inspired Red Raider defense that also strapped Quarterback Keith Bobo seven times. Meanwhile, Tech Quarterback Joe Barnes ran for 129 yards and passed for 98 more and one touchdown. The Raiders, who have lost only to Texas, are now 6-1.

Arkansas Quarterback Joe Ferguson took advantage of winless North Texas State by completing nine of his first 10 passes in a 42-16 romp. Ferguson, something of a disappointment this season, had 12 completions in 15 attempts for 184 yards and two touchdowns. Jon Richardson also scored twice from inside the two. Dickey Morson, with 121 yards in 21 carries, surpassed the 100-yard mark for the fifth time this year.

Texas A&M lost its sixth straight following the season-opening defeat of Wichita State. Mike Conrad kicking three field goals to lift Baylor to a 15-13 win.

## WEST

1. USC (8-0)
2. UCLA (7-1)
3. AIR FORCE (6-1)

John McKay, who can find more unhappiness in a win than probably any other coach in America, was fuming again Saturday after Southern California blanked Oregon 18-0. "I'd rather play in the mud than on one of those carpets when it's wet," said McKay of the conditions in Eugene. "What they ought to do with those carpets is take them out and burn them." Oregon's Dick Enright "didn't think the field was that big a deal," but everyone agreed Anthony Davis was. After USC had gone scoreless in the first half, thanks to six fumbles, Davis finally put the Trojans on the board. On two consecutive first-down plays the second-string tailback swept left end for touchdown runs of 48 yards. "The only difference about Davis' runs from our other plays," declared McKay, "was that he didn't fall down."

UCLA remained a serious Pacific Eight contender by downing Washington State 35-20. The Cougars dominated the statistics, but four fumbles and the all-round play of UCLA Quarterback Mark Hammon did them

in. "He looked just like Jack Mildren running that Washburn," said Washington State Coach Jim Sweeney. "He's not going to face much more pressure than we gave him today." Hammon netted 55 yards in seven carries and completed five of eight passes for 145 yards and two touchdowns. Stanford scored twice within three minutes of the third quarter to come from behind and defeat Oregon State 17-11. The defenses controlled the game, forcing 20 punts.

Washington, down to its fourth-string quarterback after injuries sidelined the top three, stayed on the ground to defeat California 35-21. If you are keeping track, the name to remember now is Mark Backman. Mark Backman?

The ability of Arizona State to move and be moved is unequaled anywhere. The Sun Devils, who play defense only by accident, were outscored by Air Force 39-31. The Falcons played ball control and did a good job of containing Woody Green. "It was one of the worst exhibitions of football I've ever seen," said ASU Coach Frank Kush. "They just literally kicked the hell out of us, mentally and physically." A key performer in the Sun Devils' first home defeat in 3½ years was Air Force Receiver Frank Murphy, who caught seven passes for 198 yards and three touchdowns.

Utah has won more giveaways than a quiz-show contestant. In defeating New Mexico 59-14 the Utes recovered six fumbles (ignoring them 20 in the last three games) and intercepted two passes. "I'd like to think that a lot of that fumbling is our fault," said Utah Coach Bill Meek with a nod to his defense. Gene Belczyk and back-up Ike Spencer each rushed for over 100 yards and scored two touchdowns apiece. Tony Adams, who did not complete a pass against Wyoming until three minutes into the second quarter, finally got going as Utah State won its third straight over a Western Athletic Conference team, 35-23. In a light-hearted WAC game, Brigham Young defeated winless Colorado State 44-8. PCAA leader San Diego State won its sixth game in seven starts, 21-14 over Fresno State.

## SOUTH

1. LSU (6-0)
2. ALABAMA (7-0)
3. AUBURN (6-1)

Florida State's superb Gary Huff gave Mitchell's Madgets a thorough workout all afternoon, but in the end Auburn and its pass defense prevailed 27-14. Huff gave a typical performance, completing 25 of 41 passes for 241 yards and one touchdown but he was also intercepted four times. Three

continued

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## COLLEGE FOOTBALL .....

of the pickoffs were by Assistant Coach Sam Mitchell's defensive backs, each of whom measures under six feet. Hull's arm was not enough to bring the Seminoles back from a 27-0 deficit. Terry Henley had posed the last three touchdowns himself before the game was 20 minutes old. The Southeastern Conference's leading rusher gained 105 yards in 27 carries.

Georgia and Kentucky played one of the hottest games of the year in Lexington, the Bulldogs winning 13-7. The difference was two second-half field goals by Ken Brumwell. Georgia Tech tied its 21-7 victory over Tulane when Eddie McAshan followed consecutive 15-yard penalties with a 67-yard scoring pass to Mike Owen. "You can never tell what we're going to do on offense," explained Fullback Greg Horne.

Alabama awoke from first-half lethargy to win its 10th consecutive regular-season game, 48-14 over Southern Mississippi. The Crimson Tide led only 7-3 at halftime but came to life as Steve Brasciaja scored twice. Other nonconference victories went to Tennessee, 34-2 over previously unbeaten Hawaii, and to Mississippi State, which handed Houston its second straight loss, 27-13. Mississippi ended a three-game losing streak with its first Southeastern Conference triumph, 31-7 over Vanderbilt.

Duke continued to prove it has recovered from opening losses to Alabama, Washington and Stanford. The Blue Devils won their third straight, 17-16 over Navy, by stopping the same two-point conversion pass that beat them in the closing moments last year. "You bet we knew it was coming," said Defensive Coach Jerry McGee, from brother of Head Coach Mike. "We worked on it about 50 times during the week."

South Carolina, despite leading at the half, sank deeper into mediocrity when high-powered North Carolina State scored four second-half touchdowns for a 42-24 victory. Maryland, turning three interceptions into touchdowns, came from 20 points down to edge Virginia 24-23, and Wake Forest was shut out for the second straight week, 31-0, by Clemson.

## EAST

1. PENN STATE (6-1)
2. DELAWARE (7-0)
3. DARTMOUTH (4-0-1)

There was a country-music band to warm up early arrivals at Mountaineer Field and a 100-yard return of the opening kickoff to make home-team fans tingle with joy. The merriment was brought to an early end, however, as Penn State beat West Virginia for the 14th straight time, 28-19. The Lion de-

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fense, almost as good as that of the 1969 outfit, turned the contest around by intercepting Bernie Giallila's first two passes and the offense cashed in for a 10-6 first-quarter lead. Although Giallila got 341 yards on 21 completions in 37 attempts, his runners netted minus one yard. John Hufnagel directed the balanced Penn State attack and his 205 yards made him the school's all-time total offense leader. John Cappelletti rushed for 154 yards.

A steady rain hampered both offenses as Syracuse defeated Pittsburgh 10-6. An interception return to the two set up the Orangemen's touchdown and the Panthers' score came on a blocked punt with 36 seconds left. The Holy Cross defense scored touchdowns on two of Villanova's five turnovers and the Crusaders won easily 26-9. Delaware avenged its only defeat of the last two years by thrashing Temple 28-9. Roger Mason led the defending small-college champions with 182 yards rushing and three touchdowns despite losing yardage for the

## PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**THE LINEMAN:** Senior Middle Guard, Don Rises of Texas Tech personally shut down SMU's strong running game with 13 unsanctioned tackles, five of them behind the line of scrimmage for 48 yards in rushing losses.

**THE BACK:** Louisville's Howard Stevens became the NCAA's all-time rusher and touchdown producer. His three scores and 258 yards gained against Cincinnati gave the sailback four-year totals of 66 TDs and 4,854 yards.

first time in his career when he slipped on the wet turf.

Miami, which needed a fifth down to beat Tulane, took a 14-0 lead against Army on an interception return and the recovery of a blocked punt before it made a first down. The Hurricanes went on to win their third straight after eight losses in a row, 28-7.

The Ivy League race continued to show little semblance of order as previously unbeaten Yale, playing on the road for the first time, lost to Cornell 24-13. Five fumbles on the damp artificial turf of Schoellkopf Field did the Fliv in. The conference leader might have emerged from the Dartmouth-Harvard game but a 21-21 deadlock maintained the log jam at the top. Fumbles hurt the Big Green, too. Leading 21-14, Dartmouth Quarterback Steve Senonson lost the ball on his own two-yard line and the Crimson quickly converted the gift into the tying score. In other games Gary Shue came off the bench to lead Penn past Princeton 15-10 and Columbia lost outside the league to Rutgers 6-3, two field goals by John Pesce doing the trick.

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For the \$2 plugger, La Prevoyante isn't much of an investment. But for the high roller, the unbeaten 2-year-old daughter of Buckpasser is as good as a license to use doctored dice in Las Vegas. Nothing but sevens, Agnes. Take last Saturday afternoon in the goo at Laurel; in just a minute and 46½ths seconds, the fabulous French-Canadian filly converted \$10,000 investments into \$11,000 returns, and at about the same risk rate as defense bonds. For the cautious there was place betting, but that was only good for a nickel on a dollar. Yet there were enough faint hearts to create a \$7,920 minus pool and to send Laurel President John D. Schapiro climbing walls. Schapiro doesn't like sevens, not when the payoff is coming out of his pocket.

Earlier in the week Schapiro had asked the Maryland Racing Commission to make the filly's race, the \$121,990 Selma Stakes, a nonbetting exhibition. Because of the size of the field—from 1,154 original nominations, only four were entered to run against La Prevoyante and only three actually made it to the post—the commissioners ruled out show betting, but other than that Laurel was on its own. "We are being stifled," roared Schapiro. From his point of view, his argument couldn't have been more sound. Or, as Jockey Ron Turcott said after finishing second 14 lengths back on Nerve, "It was like matching a Cadillac with a bunch of Volkswagens."

Since she began her assault on May 31 in Canada, the Jean Louis Levesque-owned filly has romped over every horse thrown against her at distances from five furlongs to 1½ miles, on tracks of every

description, even on the grass. The Selma was her 11th victory in as many starts. She has won her races by an amazing total of 58½ lengths, and it could be twice that if Jockey John Leflanc, who hasn't missed a ride, had so chosen. Usually La Prevoyante crosses the finish line at a pace reserved for strolls in Central Park. In the Selma she slowed so much it appeared she might stop before she hit the wire.

"She probably saw a camera and was going to stop to pose," said Emilio Davison, the groom who has been with the filly since she went into training last January. "She's a ham."

La Prevoyante's next start, and her last as a 2-year-old, will be in the Gardenia Stakes at Garden State on Nov. 11, which means her unbeaten string won't be tested by Secretariat, at least not for some time. Trainer Johnny Starr is in no hurry to send his filly, already Canadian Horse of the Year, against the best of the 2-year-old colts. And if Starr wasn't convinced of that before last Saturday, he is now. Secretariat appeared shortly after La Prevoyante's performance and was even more impressive, winning the Laurel Futurity by eight lengths in 1:42½, just a fifth of a second off the track record. It was the Meadow Stables colt's sixth victory in eight starts, and you can forget about the two losses. The first was in his debut, when anything can happen to a 2-year-old, and the other came last month when he won the Champagne by two lengths only to be disqualified.

"They all have to get beaten sometime," said Starr. "But this year we'd like our filly to finish undefeated. I'll have to find out what the record for 2-year-olds is." Among American stakes horses, it is 12, set by James R. Keene's Colin in 1907. The next season he won his only three starts and retired undefeated. No American horse has bowed out unbeaten since. The closest to joining Colin were Man o' War, winner of 20 of 21, and Native Dancer, who won 21 of 22, losing by a head in the 1953 Kentucky Derby.

As for La Prevoyante, well, it's doubtful that she'll be defeated in the 1973 Derby. Most likely she won't be there. Only one filly, Regret, ever won the Run for the Roses, only 29 have started since 1875 and Starr isn't about to let his ace lose in the Derby just to say he's been

there. "We're not overlooking that race," Starr said, "but you don't have to nominate until February and I want to take a long look at all the colts. There's Secretariat, of course, and he's a great one, and there could be two or three good horses that haven't run as 2-year-olds. And some real fine fillies may come along."

There are those who think that Starr isn't half as afraid of taking on Secretariat as he lets on. While running her winnings to \$302,557, La Prevoyante has knocked off, and easily, some of the top colts in Canada. Zaca Spirit, for instance, won the Coronation Futurity by 11 lengths. In the Colin Stakes the filly spotted him seven pounds and breezed by five. In the same race she met Queen's Splendour, winner of the Winnipeg Futurity. La Prevoyante gave him a four-pound advantage and beat him even farther. Neither is a Secretariat, of course, but they don't bark either.

For the moment Starr and Owner Levesque, a millionaire investment broker in Montreal, seem content to let any future plans center on the Queen's Plate in June. That's the Triple Crown of Canadian racing wrapped into one and no self-respecting Canadian owner would trade it for an ocean full of mint juleps. In the last five years Levesque has entered some good animals in the race, including Fainfrêche, the 1970 Canadian Horse of the Year; so far he has three seconds and a third.

In the fall of 1964 Levesque, who doubles as the chancellor of the University of Moncton, bought Arctic Dancer, a full sister to Northern Dancer, from E.P. Taylor for \$100,000. After two starts, she retired winless. Levesque sent her to Kentucky to be bred to Victoria Park. That mating gave him Cerf Volant, who finally won three races—as a 4-year-old.

Arctic Dancer's next colt, Maringouin, by Turn-to, never got to the post. Enough of this nonsense, said Levesque. When Arctic Dancer made her next trip to Kentucky, she was bred to Buckpasser, a winner of 25 races and \$1,462,014 in three seasons. Voilà!

La Prevoyante means a lady who foresees, unless you ask Groom Davison, who grins and says it means the provider. For Levesque, the oil well was in. Except he didn't get to see it. When she won her first race on the last day of May, he was in the hospital having a kid-

continued



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ney operation. He missed La Prevost's second race, too. "That's it," he told his doctors. "Recovering time is over. I've got to see her now."

"You can't blame him," said Davison. "She's something out of this world to watch. I love this horse as much as I do my mother. She's like a daughter to me. When she does something wrong, I give her a smack on the rear end. When she's good, I reward her."

Davison laughed and ran a hand through his wavy red hair. "I try to be as nice to her as I can. But at times I have to put her in her place. She begins fooling around. And when I smack her, does she get mad? She'll whinny around and just stare at me. But then I slip her a couple of pieces of sugar and she isn't angry anymore. You don't have any trouble with good horses. They eat well, they take to training well. A good horse is a little more intelligent. They seem to know what they have to do and do it."

A news photographer came to the barn and asked if he could take some pictures of the horse. For an hour she had been doing inside her stall. Now she stuck her head through the open upper door and checked out the stranger. When she spotted the camera, she began to pose. Her ears leaped to attention. She turned her head one way and held, then the other way and held.

"You ham," said Davison. "She loves to have her picture taken. The other day there was a movie crew here and all the other horses were trying to tear the barn apart. Not her. She just stood there posing. She knows. And she loves strangers. And really loves Johnny Starr. She'll start moving around in her stall and I'll look out and here's the trainer coming, a long way off. I don't know how she knows. He's just got a great way with filies. Sometimes I have to tell him to get lost. I'll have work to do and she won't stand still when he's around."

In racing for 44 years and a trainer for more than 20, Starr has had his share of good horses, and most of them have been fillies. "That's just the way they came," he said. "It's not any special skill, it's just plain luck. La Prevost could have been a colt. A fellow the other day asked me which I'd rather have: a great filly or a great colt." He stopped and laughed. "I told him all I wanted was a great horse." Which, of course, is what he has.

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## Outriggers' way-out race

It may look like a tourist stunt, but the annual 41-mile run across Hawaii's Molokai Channel is one of the toughest events in all sport

A few hundred yards west of the ancient white lighthouse on the point of Diamond Head, a light that once warned whalers of the treacherous rocks and coral that lie just offshore and now beckons millions of tourists, the long, sleek *koa* wood racing canoe slipped inside the reef, 3 or the next two miles the six bronzed crewmen sliced across the esplanade of Waikiki, 14 strokes on the left, 14 strokes on the right. Surfers wiped out their runs, visitors swam hastily to safety, and in the big tourist outriggers waiting for waves on the reef line beach boys stood up and cheered while their mainland passengers stared in certain bewilderment.

At the western end of Waikiki the racers rounded the stubby Hilton Pier and drove straight up onto the sands of Duke Kahanamoku Beach. The Waikiki Surf Club had once again won the annual Mo-

lokai-to-Oahu outrigger race, its 11th victory in the 21 tries since 1952 when the event was established. In doing so Surf had paddled 41 miles across the infamous Molokai Channel in six hours one minute and 46 seconds. The race ended in the mock pomposity of the Aloha King's Court, a festival finish that entertains the thousands who come to Hawaii for Aloha Week but one that has always deprived it of recognition as one of the world's most grueling aquatic events. "That's quite a stunt," said a milk-skinned coast *hooie* (mainland Caucasian), one of some 5,000 who jammed the hot sands around the final mark. An estimated 20,000 more watched Surf's sprint to the finish from hotel beaches the length of Waikiki.

It is no stunt. It is, in fact, hard to imagine any team event in any sport that demands longer and more arduous prep-

aration and presents a cruder challenge as its climax. Certainly no Olympic category can match its relentless pressure—or its pure amateurism. Olympic gold medalists endorse products, get perquisites and even appear as comedians (comedians?) on the Bob Hope show. The winner of Molokai-Oahu gets \$500 for the club treasury. The nine athletes who make up a boat's crew (three relief paddlers are permitted) get nothing but a bundle of flower leis and, presumably, a certain amount of tender, loving post-race care.

Although Waikiki Surf's victory time was about 16 minutes short of the modern record for the crossing (5:42:16, set by the Outrigger Club in 1968), it was won under unspeakable weather conditions—unpeakable for canoeing, that is. The trade winds had been missing for almost a fortnight in one of Hawaii's most prolonged and agonizing hot spells. The temperature was 88° on race day, two degrees off the record high for Oct. 15, and the Molokai Channel made its own peculiar contribution to the rigors of the day—it went flat. Instead of the usual four- to six-foot sea, there were one-foot swells. Instead of cooling 15- to 25-mph winds, there was a vagrant breeze that seldom got above six to eight mph. The day before, Surf Paddler Andy Miller, sweating in the sun at Hale O Lono Harbor, a windless cliff-enclosed seashell of a place on Molokai where the race begins, had said: "For us, the rougher the better. It is harder to paddle, but you are wet all the time and it keeps you cool. If it is like today it will be like paddling in an oven."

It was even more like today than 30-day was. At seven a.m. the paddlers, coaches and escort personnel of the competing clubs gathered around the launch point to hear the Rev. Mitchell Paule bless the race and ask for heavenly support for the contestants (Hawaii blesses everything—until they are blessed, brand-new blacktop highways are posted: "This road not yet dedicated—proceed at your own risk"). As the crews carried their canoes into the water, Chris Faria, president of the Hawaiian Canoe Racing Association, said: "These guys are gonna have to paddle all the way. Nobody gonna help 'em—nobody down here, nobody up there." In a rough sea an outrigger canoe often can surf down big waves, thus attaining bursts of speed and resting the crew.



WAIKIKI SURF CLUB CANOEISTS DRIVE FOR DUKE KAHANAMOKU BEACH AND VICTORY



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Of the 16 crews that lined up for the start off Hale O Lono, 11 were from Oahu. There was one each from Molokai, Hawaii and Kauai, and there was a lone California entry—Marina del Rey, one of seven outrigger racing clubs in California. The 16th crew was the least probable—a bunch of marines from the Kaneohe Marine Base on Oahu who had banded together less than three months earlier.

All told, there were six koa canoes, beautiful, burnished vessels carved out of single logs cut from Hawaii's largest native trees—and 10 made of fiber glass. Each canoe had a mother boat carrying coaches and the reserve paddlers, and some had small, fast Boston whalers to effect crew transfers. Each crew had a "secret" strategy and one—the famed Outrigger Club of Honolulu—even had a secret training diet. The Outrigger Club, with a smaller koa canoe than most, was something of a dark horse. "We need rough weather," said Outrigger's most spectacular athlete, Fred Hemmings Jr., a former world surfing champion. "With good waves we can win."

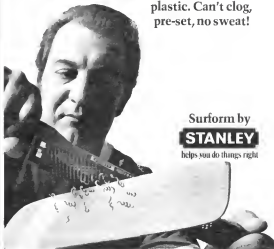
Except for Outrigger, the marines and Marina del Rey, which were predominantly *haole*, the crews represented the usual Hawaiian mixture of race—*haole*, Hawaiian, Filipino, Chinese, Japanese and so on. The economic mix was equally diverse—some boats had corporation executives paddling behind laborers and white-collar clerks spelling University of Hawaii students.

As marathon watchers know, all but the very best runners begin slowly, pacing and saving themselves. Not outrigger canoe racers. When the crews jumped off at 7:34 a.m., they were flat out in seconds, driving the canoes forward at 45 to 54 strokes a minute. It soon became apparent that Outrigger's race strategy was, indeed, something else. Cursed by the flat sea, Outrigger moved well south of the rhumb line from Hale O Lono to Waikiki, looking for the waves that all Hawaiian channels normally stir up just beyond their southern exits.

The first crew change came at eight a.m., and for onlookers who had never seen the race before, it was heart-stopping. The Outrigger Club whaler shot ahead of its canoe, cut sharply across its course and dumped two relief paddlers in Molokai's shark-filled waters on the rigger (port) side. As the canoe came

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## BOATING

up to them: they ducked under the rig and two of the starters bailed out to starboard as the relief men scrambled into their vacated positions. All of this was done and the full stroke resumed in less than 15 seconds. The whaler poked up the oarlocks and quickly lifted them to the tender, to await their next turn.

It was clear by now that the Outrigger Club canoe was falling behind. Out in front by almost a mile was Waikeiki Surf, its paddlers a motley string—bare, red shirt, bare, orange shirt, yellow shirt, bare—but all driving their kua canoe. Maui across the flats with a precision Philadelphia's Vesper Boat Club might envy. Waikeiki Surf had a lot of talent going for it. One of its paddlers was Blue Makua Jr., son of a man sometimes called "the father of outrigger racing in Hawaii." It also had Detchy Kimo, who paddled the first race in 1952 and was doing it again. In the stern was Coach Nappy Napoleon, another veteran, and on the tender, bolstering up a storm of enthusiasm and support, was old Blue Makua himself.

It was just 10:03, not quite halfway, but in a sense the race was decided. Only Hui Nalu had a chance to overtake Surf's tireless chargers, and that was eliminated by the leader's brilliant closing move inside the Waikeiki reef. Waikeiki Surf did not originate this high-risk tactic, but its paddlers remembered it well from 1969 when the Outrigger Club crew, 300 yards behind Surf off Diamond Head, cut inside the reef and almost won the race. Hui Nalu finished second, about 12 minutes back, and Heulani came in four minutes later, both having followed the usual route beyond the reef. No one was nibbled by a shark, though a reserve paddler for the Kamehameha Canoe Club suffered a propeller cut during a transfer.

Except for the marines, every paddler in the race had begun training in May, competing in dozens of shorter events held every summer in or near Honolulu and on the California coast. From Lahar Day on many crews had practiced daily, with races of up to 20 miles on weekends. Had it all been worth it? Even the marines, who finished 15th, thought so. "Next year we'll win it," said a marine-enlisted paddler, his sweat-soaked white-sweatshirt crew cut gleaming like a huoy marker in the midst of all that triumphant, long Hawaiian hair. "You know a tougher event?"

END

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# CADDYING FOR A MAN WHO



*The Cub' Gabby Hartnett autographed ball for Capone's 12-year-old son.*



*Capone was shot by gun in a golf bag.*



*Killer Burke dug grave-oldest dives.*



*Bulling Nelson managed author's brief bout with boxing.*



*Gussy Thawb Cuzik blasted away.*



*Gilda Gray skinned at Sullivan shook.*

# NEVER SHOT PAR



Jack McGurn was one of feared foursome.



Capone had a hand in all sorts of sport; here he tries his luck off Florida coast.

*Al Capone and his Chicago killers may have had deadly aim elsewhere, but out on a golf course they were hit and miss. Some recollections of those sporting days with Scarface*

by TIMOTHY SULLIVAN  
with JOHN KOBLER

I was fresh out of the Army and recently married when a fire broke out in the two-story house in Indiana Harbor, where we rented rooms. We had gone to a movie that evening, my wife Rose and I—it was Claudette Colbert in *Imitation of Life*—and by the time we got back the building was gutted. Most everything we owned had been burned to ashes, maybe a couple of thousand dollars worth of stuff, a tragedy for an ex-staff sergeant earning about \$125 a week as a roller in a steel mill. But one of the possessions that hurt me most to lose had no dollar value. It was a faded snapshot of a big, beefy man with a golf club in his right hand and his left hand around the shoulders of a 12-year-old boy. The boy was me. The man was Al Capone. And the scene was Burnham Woods golf course, 18 miles south of Chicago, where I caddied for Al for almost four years.

Earlier that year of the fire—1947—I was among the few mourners at Al's funeral in Chicago where the family moved his body from Miami. He had been out of Alcatraz eight years when he died. I don't suppose his passing grieved many people. Society remembered him as the original Public Enemy No. 1. I didn't have any illusions about that side of him either. But I remembered another side and I mourned him. I wanted him somehow to know I was there because, as a boy, I never had a better friend. Nobody had ever treated me or my family with such kindness.

*continued*

In 1924, when I was 8, we moved from South Chicago to the little town of Burnham, which then had a population of about 800. The Torrio-Capone gang had been spreading into the suburbs for some time and in and around Burnham they had taken over quite a few breweries and opened half a dozen roadhouses with gambling, girls and booze. The gang had the full cooperation of the mayor, Johnny Patton, a jaunty character whom I never saw without an expensive cigar in his mouth. The newspapers always referred to him as the "Boy Mayor" because he had been operating a saloon of his own since the age of 14. He owned the biggest, fanciest house in Burnham, corner from our poor shack on Green Bay Avenue. He also operated the golf course where I caddied for Capone. At the time I went to the same grade school as his kids Jimmy and Frances.

My father was a railroad engineer and my mother hired out by the day as a housekeeper. They earned hardly enough between them to support their big family and all of us kids had to work while still in school. There were three other boys besides me and three girls. My oldest sister, Ida Mae, nicknamed "Babe," was the beauty of the family, with her jet-black hair, violet eyes and trim little figure, and it was Babe who brought Al Capone into our lives.

A city official gave me my first job a few months after we settled in Burnham. He was a man with a good many outside interests. One was a barbershop and I shined shoes there for a dime until he told me he was closing the shop. What he really did was convert it into a speakeasy. He said I could keep the shoeshine stand and the equipment. So I ran home to fetch the handcart I had won for selling subscriptions to the *Chicago American*, loaded everything onto it, and hauled it over to the Arrowhead Inn, Burnham's biggest, flashiest roadhouse. The chief of police moonlighted there as a bartender. I asked the manager, Frank Hitchcock, to let me set up my stand by the entrance. "Sonny," he said, "this ain't no place for a kid to hang around." I couldn't see why and begged for a chance to make a little extra dough. He finally agreed and I went right to work.

My very first customer was short and pasty-faced with real small feet. For the 10¢ shine he handed me a \$1 tip. I learned later he was Johnny Torrio, who still headed the gang, with Capone the second-in-command. The next year he quit the country after a rival mob nearly killed him, leaving Capone the boss. Most of my customers were gangsters, though I didn't recognize any of them as such right away. There were Machine Gun Jack McGurn, an Italian in spite of his name, good-looking in a dark, snaky kind of way, a snappy dresser and smooth dancer—the girls were crazy for him—and Fred (Killer) Burke, who lived right behind our house for a while. A huge bear of a man with thick eyebrows and a bushy mustache, he seemed

a friendly sort until you looked at his eyes. They were small and black and mean. Five years later McGurn and Burke took part in the St. Valentine's Day massacre ordered by Capone.

The pride of Burnham was its nine-hole golf course, started in 1924 and finished in 1925. Our house stood directly opposite, and in addition to shining shoes I would sometimes wait in line by the clubhouse with a lot of other kids for a chance to caddy. It meant picking up maybe another dollar or two. My sister Babe, who was then 16, found work there, too, as a waitress in the clubhouse restaurant. One night she came home waving a \$10 bill. "Guess who gave it to me?" she said, all wrought up. "Al Capone!" Mom hit the ceiling. "You never go there again, you hear," she said. "You're going to quit that job."

It seems Capone and Johnny Patton had dropped in that afternoon to talk business over a cup of coffee. This



Scarface could be generous; he opened a Depression soup kitchen.

was Capone's first visit. The idea of waiting on him rattled Babe so much that she spilled steaming coffee all over his white suit. He jumped up, yelling at her, and she almost fainted. But suddenly his whole manner changed. "I'm sorry, kid," he said, smiling and putting his arm around her. "I didn't mean to scare you, but that coffee is pretty hot." He told her he was planning to play golf at Burnham at least twice a week. When he left, he slipped her the \$10.

Babe was too excited at the idea of meeting Capone again to pay any attention to Mom. She went straight back to the clubhouse the next day. I was standing in the caddy line when she sent a shaver to me with a message to go to the restaurant where somebody wanted to talk to me. I went there and for the first time saw Capone in the flesh. He was wearing a white silk shirt with his monogram, no tie, gray plus fours and a belt with a diamond buckle, and he was surrounded by his gangsters. There

were Burke and McGurn and somebody they called Banjo Eyes because he looked like Eddie Cantor—I never did learn his real name—and a short, fat guy with heavy jowls, Jake Guzik, who from his slob looks I never would have taken for the business brains of the gang. Capone's right-hand man. He had a nickname, Greasy Thumb, that supposedly came from the days when he was a waiter in some Levee dive, such a sloppy waiter that his thumb kept sliding into the food.

"Kid, I need a good caddy," said Capone. "Your sister here tells me you're very good. Think you can carry all those clubs?" He pointed to a golf bag as tall as I was, leaning against the wall. I told him sure I could. "Let's go then," and he marched out to the first tee, followed by the gang. They made up a foursome—Capone and McGurn against Burke and Guzik, with a bet of \$500 a hole. Capone teed off first. He fetched the ball a whack that would

was worse and Burke didn't play much better. Only McGurn shot a pretty fair score, around 40. In addition to the regular \$500 a hole, they kept making side bets and Al lost most of them. About \$10,000 changed hands that day.

When it was over Al gave me a \$20 bill, more money than I'd ever held in my hand before. "All this?" I said, dumfounded. He nodded. "Sure, why not? You earned it." And then he asked me how would I like to be his regular caddy. What I didn't realize until I was a little older, he also wanted Babe to be his regular girl.

Al came out to Burnham twice a week on the average. I always caddied for him and he always tipped me \$20 or more. It made a tremendous difference to the family budget. After a while even Mom, who worried herself sick at first about my associating with gangsters, didn't talk about it any more. Al's game never improved, not even after he

took the club pro, Freddie Felcher, down to Miami with him for the winter so he could get a golf lesson whenever he wanted. He paid him \$100 a day, I was told, treated him to all the best whiskey he could drink and invited him along on the parties. I felt so bad about Al losing his ball so often I began cheating for him. I would keep a couple of extra balls in my pants pocket, drop one near the spot where his disappeared, and pretend I'd found it. He caught on pretty quick, but he just laughed and said, "You're O.K., Kid."

One afternoon when Banjo Eyes was playing against Al for big money he spotted me fishing for a ball in my pocket. "The boy's cheating!" he screamed. Al pretended not to believe it. They started arguing and Banjo Eyes called Al a liar. "Nobody can get away with that!" Al yelled, turning red in the face and swelling up like a bullfrog. "On your knees and start praying!" When Banjo Eyes hesitated, Al reached into his golf bag where he stowed his gun during a game. Banjo Eyes dropped to his knees, shaking, and I thought Al would blow his head off. I started crying from fear. I admitted I'd cheated and begged Al not to hurt Banjo Eyes. He calmed down right away, dropped his gun back into his golf bag, slapped Banjo Eyes on the back and said, as if nothing had happened: "Come on, let's finish the game."

Al once shot himself accidentally on the course. I saw him do it. He was lifting his golf bag when the revolver inside went off, shooting him in the foot. Probably one of the clubs jarred the trigger. Hopping around on the other foot, bellowing like a bull, he was a terrible sight. They drove him to the Hammond hospital, but the head doctor wouldn't let him stay more than a day. He was afraid some rival gangster out to kill Al would shoot up the place. I tried to find out where they'd taken him so I could visit him, but they wouldn't tell anybody. He was back in a week, limping a little, but able to play nine holes. After that the boys double-checked to make sure

continued



But when Capone was buried in February 1947 few mourned him.

have sent it clear down the fairway, only he hooked it and it curved way off to the left into a clump of trees. I scrambled around on all fours for about 10 minutes trying to find it, scared to death Al would lose his temper and hit me or maybe shoot me, but all he did was grin, pat me on the head and call me Kid. "It's O.K., Kid," he said. "So we lose a stroke, that's all. Just gimme another ball." And I thought: "He can't be as mean and rough as he's cracked up to be."

A slew of bodyguards followed along the sidelines and after them all the other kids, staring open-mouthed at Al and jealous of me. Was I proud and awed? I could hardly believe it—me, Tim Sullivan, caddying for the Big Fellow. Every now and then he would spot a soda-pop stand just off the course and stop to buy us each a bottle.

He played a terrible game. I don't think he broke 60 for the nine holes. He could drive the ball half a mile, but he always hooked it, and he couldn't putt for beans. Guzik

the safety catch was on before they deposited any gun in a golf bag.

One afternoon Jake Guzik and Banjo Eyes turned up without Al. Jake waddled up to the caddie line and asked: "Where's the kid who caddies for Al?" I was at the end of the line, with about 20 boys ahead of me, but he jerked his thumb at me and told me to follow him. I said I couldn't, it wasn't my turn. His fat jowls shook. "You're caddying for me today, see," he said. "Let's get going." What could I do? I walked past the line, with 20 pairs of eyes burning holes in my back.

That Guzik, he was a lousy loser with a vicious temper. When he took his first swing at the ball and it moved about 10 feet, he kicked a tree. By the 5th hole he'd lost maybe a thousand bucks to Banjo Eyes. He'd been cheating, too. When he had a bad lie and thought nobody would notice, he'd shove the ball with his foot. On the 6th hole he landed in a sand trap. "How do I get out of here?" he asked me. I didn't know much about the game. I told him so, but he figured I was holding out on him for some reason. I had to say something, so I said to try blasting it out with a driver. He got the ball to the top of the trap and it rolled back. He tried three times and every time it rolled back. Then he blew up. He grabbed the driver like a bat and went for me, yelling every dirty name

you could think of. I ran zigzagging across the fairway. Luckily, he was too fat and slow to catch me or I think he would have killed me. He stopped finally, out of breath, broke the club across his knees and threw the pieces at me. I stayed close to the clubhouse while he played the last holes with another caddie. When he finished, I got up enough nerve to ask for the money he owed me. He just snarled.

Next day half a dozen of them came, Al included, and I told him what happened. He called Guzik over to him. "What do you mean treating the Kid here like that?" Guzik said—I'll never forget it, of all the dumb a\*\*es!—he said: "The Kid gave me a bum steer." Al moved in closer, scowling. "Why ask a boy? You're a grown man, ain't you? Besides, you never paid him. Pay him now." So Guzik pulled out his wallet and took \$1 from it. "I said pay him!" Al shouted in his fat face, and he grabbed the wallet, removed two \$10 bills, handed them to me, and threw the wallet at Guzik's feet. Guzik picked it up and waddled away without a word.

They all carried hip flasks and kept swigging as they went along. When they got high, there'd be some pretty wild clowning. They'd play leapfrog, turn somersaults, walk on their hands. There was a crazy game Al called Blind Robin. One guy would stretch out flat on his back,

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shut his eyes tight, and let the others tee off from his chin. They used a putter and swung slow and careful. Otherwise they would have smashed the guy's face. On the putting greens they'd throw down their pistol holders—clunk—and hold a wrestling match. I kept busy picking up the stuff that dropped out of their pockets—flasks, cigars, bills and change. They made an awful mess of the greens, digging up the grass with their knees and elbows. But there was never a peep out of the management. As soon as they left, the maintenance crew would head for the damaged area with wheelbarrows full of sod.

During a match the drunker they got the more they cheated and the more they caught each other at it. One time when Burke tried to sneak a better lie he and McGurn fought about the bloodiest fight I ever saw in or out of the prize ring. None of the gang tried to stop them. They just made a circle around them, laughing and cheering. A big crowd of golfers gathered, too, but they didn't make a sound. They seemed hypnotized. I got the feeling they were scared that if they said or did anything the gang would turn on them. It lasted about half an hour. Burke knocked McGurn off his feet a couple of times, but he came up quick. He'd been a prizefighter in his younger days and Burke was no match for him. Pretty soon the Killer had blood streaming from his nose, turning his

white sport shirt red. One of his eyes closed completely. McGurn knocked him down 10, maybe 12 times, and at last he stayed down. I figured he might be dead. Banjo Eyes threw a pail of water over him. It had no effect. There happened to be a doctor in the crowd who finally brought Burke around. "Don't talk," he warned him. "Some of your teeth are loose, but you'll be all right after you see a dentist." Burke tried getting up by himself, but he couldn't stand. The boys made a stretcher with their hands and carried him to the clubhouse.

Besides Capone and Guzik that one time, the only other gangster I ever caddied for was Burke. When he played golf, the course looked like some farmer had plowed it—divots as big as your hand wherever he had taken a swipe at the ball. He was usually in the company of a peroxide blonde. She didn't play. She just walked along beside him. One time, after they'd emptied his flask, they disappeared behind a bunker. They were gone about 10 minutes and when they came back the blonde's dress had grass stains all over it. I was 10 at the time and I couldn't figure out what they'd been up to.

I learned the facts of life before I was too much older from Al and his boys. One afternoon on the links they kept talking about some kind of party they were going to throw at the clubhouse that night. An orgy, they called it. I'd

*continued*

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never heard the word before and I was burning with curiosity. So after supper I went back to the clubhouse. The bouncer at the door laughed fit to bust when I asked to join Al's party. "Better go home and get your diapers changed," he said. I pretended to go but instead sneaked around to the back of the building. I was wearing tennis shoes that gave me enough traction to climb up to the second story where there was a little balcony and a window. I looked through and saw about 20 couples, most of them naked. Not Al, though. He just stood on the sidelines, watching and laughing. I found out then what an orgy was. When I got home, I avoided Mom. I felt too ashamed.

I was still shining shoes at the Arrowhead when who should hop up onto my stand one evening before the show but the star entertainer, Gilda Gray—remember, the queen of the shimmy? She was short, and wore a tight, beaded dress. When she sat, the dress rode halfway up her thighs and I saw she didn't have a stitch on underneath. I started polishing like crazy, my head bent way down, trying hard not to look up, but she saw I was red in the face and just sat there, hiking her skirt higher and ragging me. "Where did you get that curly hair? And those long black lashes?"

The next time I caddied for Al I described my meeting with Gilda Gray. I told him I never wanted to shine her shoes again. He laughed so hard the players ahead of us turned around to see what was so funny. "In a couple of years you'll feel different," Al assured me. "You'll want a dame like her."

He played until early afternoon, then motioned for me to wait on a bench and walked away toward the clubhouse. He came back with two triple-decker sandwiches, a bottle of beer for himself, and some soda pop for me. We ate the sandwiches sitting side by side. I felt very close to Al. Suddenly I heard myself asking, "Can I join the gang when I'm bigger?" He smiled and ruffled my hair. "You're part of it now, ain't you? You're my caddie." "I mean for real," I said, "and carry a gun like the other guys." He shook his head. "Nothing doing, Kid. I want you around a long time all in one piece. You might get hurt. Most guys in my line of business do. So stay just like you are, O.K.?"

Looking back on it, I guess if he'd said yes, I would have ended up like the rest of them—in jail or dead. I'm grateful to him now for turning me down. But at the time the danger and the glamour of it all was the most thrilling life I could imagine.

I'm not sure when my sister Babe became Al's regular girl. He was crazy about her from the beginning, no doubt in my mind about that. He kept giving her expensive presents, furs and jewelry. Mom ordered her to give them back, but Babe just hid them. She took me up to her room once, making me promise I wouldn't tell if she showed me something. I promised and she fished out a cigar box from under some lingerie. Inside was a diamond bracelet, a pair of diamond drop earrings, a pearl necklace—all from Al.

He began calling at the house and he was so polite and kind and generous that in the end he won over Mom and Pop. He came often and they'd make him stay for a meal.

Babe knew Al had a wife and son, of course. Anybody who read the newspapers knew that. But he kept telling Babe how much he loved her, that he'd get a divorce if she'd marry him. I don't guess he really meant it. Deep down he was too much of a family man. I don't think he would ever have walked out on Mrs. Capone and their boy, Sonny. Anyhow Babe refused. She said she was satisfied with the way things were. He went on treating her like a queen.

Sometimes when they went to a restaurant or a show they'd take me along. I'll never forget the thrill of riding next to the driver in Al's bulletproof Cadillac. It was all red leather inside with gray curtains. There was a machine gun mounted behind the driver's seat. When Babe and I stared at it nervously, Al waved his cigar like he was brushing something away. "Nothing to worry about," he said. "Just a little insurance. Look out the windows." Through the curtains we could see in back a limousine filled with Al's boys and another one ahead.

He took us to see his favorite movie star, Al Jolson, in *The Singing Fool*. Babe sat between Al and me and in the row behind us were two of the bodyguards, watching Al more closely than they watched the movie. Al and Babe held hands through the whole picture and when Jolson sang *Sonny Boy*—I couldn't believe it—tears were running out of Al's eyes.

Caddying and shining shoes weren't my only jobs. For a while I hung around one of Al's Burnham breweries, which produced about a thousand gallons a day. At first I just ran errands like fetching delicatessen sandwiches for the foreman. A lot of times the conveyor belt that carried those big five-gallon cans to and from the trucks went too fast for the regular workers and they needed an extra hand to take some of the overload. So they'd yell and I'd come running and pitch in. I never got any wages, but on payday the men would pass the hat and I'd collect maybe \$5. The place fascinated me. The men never drank water, just that needle beer and by the end of the day most of them would be pee-eyed. They were specially nice to me after Al, who used to drop in once a week, let them know I caddied for him. They kept Dad supplied with all the beer he could drink.

The Burnham Elementary School was a big, red-brick building, four stories high, with a well-equipped gym—Johnny Patton saw to that. Al worried a lot about his overweight and he started playing volleyball a couple of times a week to shed a few pounds, he and a bunch of his bodyguards. It was some sight.

Meanwhile, I'd taken up boxing—or rather Al pushed me into it. It happened when I was 16. There was this big lout of a classmate, Howard Reed, a head taller than me, who hated my guts for some reason and was always picking on me, trapping me in the corridors, twisting my arms, sadistic little tricks like that. I was scared of him at first. Then I realized I had to stand and fight back or he'd really hurt me someday. So next time he laid his hands on me I just waded into him, swinging. I was too mad to be scared. I didn't even feel the blows. I just hit out and damned if all of a sudden he didn't go down like an empty sack. He never bothered me again.

*continued*

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That victory got me interested in boxing and I started working out regular. I was a middleweight. I had a fair left jab, not the hardest punch in the world, you understand, but fast, and I was light and quick on my feet. I fought in a school tournament that Al came to watch. And who do you suppose came with him? Bat Nelson—Oscar Matthew Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane, one of the finest lightweight champions. He'd retired about 15 years before. Ad Wolgast had pounded him to a pulp in a fight that lasted 40 rounds. "Battling" was no nickname, by the way. His old man had been so sure he'd grow up to be a prize ring champ that he christened him that back in Copenhagen where he was born. Bat lived in nearby Hegewisch, and I'd seen him around many times but never talked to him. He hadn't been doing too badly in retirement. He owned some apartment buildings and a training gym. Physically, though, he was a mess, small and skinny, his face flattened like a truck had rolled over it, ears all mashed and metal clamps inside his nose to keep it open so he could breathe.

I won by a KO the night Al and Bat came to see me and when I got down to the locker room, they were waiting for me. "I didn't know you could fight, Kid," says Al. I didn't either, to tell the truth. Then Bat asks me: "How would you like for me to be your manager?" Matter of fact, Al and Bat decided to manage me together.

I practically lived in Bat's house in Hegewisch and worked out in the basement. There was this housekeeper of his, Mrs. Wisdom, who used to be a truck rider for Buffalo Bill's Wild West show and she had a beautiful daughter, Dolly, a year younger than me. I fell hard for Dolly and with her around I looked a lot better training than I felt inside. I felt scared most of the time. I was never really cut out to be a boxer.

Bat was no great manager, either. Those terrible beatings he took had left him pretty punchy. He tried to make me fight the way he used to, never taking a backward step, always plunging in. But my style was to keep jabbing, getting my man off balance, then going for him with both fists. Frankly, I didn't care to stop more punches with my face than I had to. Al liked my style and he told Bat to let me fight my own way.

Came the first big test. One day this

beat-up Swedish fighter, or ex-fighter, name of Johnson, turns up after hitchhiking from New York. Old friend of Bat's. Once went a round with my hero, Jack Dempsey, who flattened him. He was dead broke. He wanted a handout and a bed for a few nights. So Bat made a deal. He agreed to board and feed him if he'd fight a bout with me. Now, Johnson weighed over 200 pounds and though I stood six feet tall, I only weighed around 160. I was terrified. But Bat insisted the time had come to show what I was made of. He'd fixed up a regular ring in another house he owned two blocks away and the big event was scheduled for a Saturday night. For good luck Bat gave me his old trunks to wear, the same ones he wore when he kayoed Joe Gans back in 1908. Al and his gang showed up. So did Dolly, or else I guess I would never have gone near the place. I went to my corner, walking between Al and Bat, shaking like a bowl of jello.

The bell sounds and Johnson comes at me like a locomotive. I didn't wait. I hurdled the ropes and tore down the street toward Bat's home, with Bat, Al, the gang and Dolly all after me. Not even Al could persuade me to face that gorilla again. It was Dolly pleading with me that did it, because I was crazy about her. I went back like a man going to the gallows. "Don't let the bum scare you," Al kept whispering. "He's an old man. He's clumsy and punchy. Just stick out your left and let him run into it." And that's the way it happened. Every time Johnson would come rearing at me, I'd step aside and tap him on the nose with my left as he breezed by. It was a three-rounder. Nobody got knocked down, but the judges gave me the decision on points.

I met a lot of boxing greats through Al and Battling Nelson—Young Stribling, Jack Sharkey, Jack Johnson. They knew them all. Al threw a party whenever one of them came to Chicago. One night Bat took me to the McVickers Theater to shake hands with the idol of my youth—Jack Dempsey. The old Manassa Mauler had been out of the fight game some three years. He was touring the vaudeville circuit in an act his manager, Jack Kearns, had helped him work up. It was built around his famous last fight with Gene Tunney at Soldier Field in 1927. The long count—remember? Jack knocked Gene down in the seventh, but the referee didn't start counting for sev-

*continued*

Involvement in the community. Involvement in a top professional association. That's what helps a life underwriter help you plan for your family's financial security. Knowing local conditions, local needs, a life insurance agent can better understand your needs and objectives. Updating knowledge, upgrading skills through meetings, seminars, reading, studying, he further develops his competence to serve your best interests. Affiliated local members of NALU... **The National Association of Life Underwriters** are dedicated to responsible community and professional involvement.



involvement





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## OUR SMALL CAR SOLVES THE PROBLEMS INHERENT IN THE SMALL CAR.

This year, economics and the conditions of urban traffic will drive millions of Americans to the small car.

These American converts will discover, however, that most small cars, for all their virtues, can have two major problems of their own. First, lack of inside space. And second, compared to the 425-horsepower monsters Americans are used to driving, disappointing performance.

Which is why we thought you'd like to know about a small car that doesn't have those problems. The Fiat 128. One of the big reasons why in Europe, where they've been living with small cars for three generations, they buy more Fiats than anything else.

You see, ever since we invented the small car in 1936, our engineers have been designing small cars so European families who couldn't pay a big-car price could still have the roominess and performance they needed.

As for room, while the

Fiat 128 is shorter outside than a VW Beetle, it's bigger inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass and has a 13 cu. ft. trunk. In fact, 80% of the car's space is devoted to you and your luggage.

Space considerations aside, many small-car owners are reluctant about taking a corner fast or driving in a strong crosswind. That's why the Fiat 128 is built wider than the big-selling Japanese and German imports. And why it has standard radial tires (usually a \$100 option). All-independent suspension. And the same responsive rack-and-pinion steering usually found on Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars.

What if you're trying to pass a giant truck or merge into fast moving highway traffic? If you've got to accelerate from, say, 40 to 70 mph to do it, the Fiat 128's overhead cam engine gives you an

edge of more than six car lengths over America's favorite small car. And since stopping fast can be equally important, it has self-adjusting front disc brakes.



PULLING IS MORE EFFICIENT THAN PUSHING. THAT'S WHY WE HAVE FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE.

Lastly, there's another item that distinguishes the Fiat 128, front-wheel drive. This means superior handling and performance, because the wheels that move the car are also the wheels that turn the car. And because pulling is a more efficient way to move something than pushing.

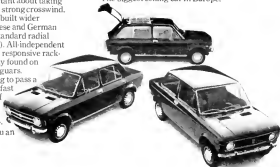
(It also means superior traction in ice and snow. In fact, for the last two years the Fiat 128 has won the Canadian Winter Rally, which is run over ice and snow the likes of which we hardly ever see in the States.)

The Fiat 128 is available in 2-door, 4-door, and station wagon models. To appreciate just how good it is, you should know that in Europe, where each country is fiercely proud of the cars it makes, the Fiat 128 has won more international Car of the Year awards than any small car in car history.

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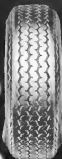
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## The Outperformer

**MICHELIN**

See Star Yellow Pages for your nearest Michelin dealer.



The advertisement features a large, detailed image of three Jarman dress slip-on shoes in the foreground. One shoe is black with a decorative strap and buckle, while the other two are brown. The shoes are set against a background of a man and a woman in formal attire walking through a stone archway. The Jarman logo is visible on the insoles of the shoes.

## Elegant New Dress Slip-ons by Jarman

Shoes say something different this season . . . especially the sleekly elegant collection of Jarman dress slip-ons. Superbly styled and perfectly proportioned for the new business and town apparel. In fine mellow leathers . . . in rich Fall colors . . . beautifully detailed . . . expertly crafted. Now is the time for you to enter a new world of fashions . . . the world of Jarman dressy slip-on shoes.

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## YESTERDAY

# The High (and Long) Flying Brothers Key

Round and round they flew, and when Al and Fred finally came to earth they had broken all existing endurance records and caused more cricks than a spring thundershower

by CHARLES GILLESPIE

The Key brothers, Al and Fred, of Meridian, Miss., are remembered by aging aviation buffs as barnstormers in the long ago when flying was a sideshow to circuses and county fairs. They were aerial performers ready for anything, but their place in air history is important beyond mere showmanship. They proved some things about aviation and human endurance that are still applied in this age of moon flights and rendezvous in space.

When the economic pressures of the Depression hit Mississippi in the early 1930s, residents started talking about turning the airport at Meridian—for almost a decade the Keys' chief source of income—into a cotton patch. The brothers seized upon the idea of an endurance flight as a means of saving the field from the weevils.

Endurance flights were far from unknown. In 1929 two pilots named Dale Jackson and Forest O'Brien flew over St. Louis for 420 hours. The following year the Hunter brothers of Chicago set an official record of 554 hours. Jackson and O'Brien came back with a 647-hour flight that, for technical reasons, was not officially recognized. The Key brothers felt they could beat all the marks, official and unofficial.

They arranged to use a Curtiss Robin monoplane belonging to W. H. Ward, an aerial photographer from nearby Oxford. A welder, Dave Stevenson, designed and mounted a catwalk of aircraft tubing on both sides of the engine. A friend, Frank Covert, designed an oversized fuel tank that fit snugly in the cabin, its front fashioned to form a seat for the pilot. Behind the tank, in the baggage compartment, a small mattress was installed for a bed. The sleeper would have to lie with his legs atop the gasoline tank and crawl through a tight passageway to get back into the cabin.

A. D. Hunter, a self-taught machinist,

designed and built a nozzle that would automatically stop the flow of fuel when it separated from the neck of the gas tank. Al Key now calls the device the grandparent of all madair refueling nozzles. Military jets today use essentially the same design, with an electronic solenoid replacing Hunter's gravity-operated valve.

The Keys scrounged up money to pay for a few other modifications: a radio code transceiver, removal of the cowling and nacelle covers for in-flight servicing, an oversized battery and generator. The pitch of the propeller was increased for greater power. (The plane would be lug-ging twice its normal load of 925 pounds.)

On June 21, 1934 the plane was ready. Named *Ole Miss*, the aircraft was painted silver and decorated with a Mississippi state flag on each side of the fuselage. Genevieve Lynn, a pioneer aviator, did the honors at the christening. The ceremonies went pleasantly—but almost everything else went wrong. Indeed, it looked for a while as though the Keys would never have to endure anything more than a series of disappointments and breakdowns.

Their first flight ended after 123 hours when flames began erupting from two of the cylinder heads and their batteries refused to take a charge from the slow-turning generator. They began repairs the next morning. They replaced the engine and radio, the latter with a compact, two-way, five-meter transmitter, and a month later were ready for the second flight. More than a thousand people were on hand to see them off this time. Four days into the flight an enormous thunderhead piled up east of Meridian, and Al edged the Robin away in a search for clear air. Wind, thunder and lightning chased the plane into Louisiana but not out of the storm.

During one particularly severe squall an oil can tore loose from its moorings

and hit Fred in the face. Al, struggling to keep the plane upright, shouted, "Get your chute on!"

"What the hell do you think I've had on for the last hour?" Fred yelled back.

Just when the storm seemed inescapable, *Ole Miss* plunged through a cloud bank and the brothers found themselves over the Mississippi River near Vicksburg. Al headed them back toward Meridian and—after a rendezvous with their fuel plane—resumed their interrupted flight schedule.

They continued to encounter weather and mechanical difficulties, however, and on the night of July 27 they ran into another storm that apparently jarred loose their exhaust pipe. If it had fallen, its flames would probably have ignited the only underside of *Ole Miss*. And so, frustrated again, they landed back at Meridian after 169 hours.

Still determined, however, the brothers got busy strengthening the newly discovered weaknesses in the plane. A friend, Army Air Corps Major Claire Chennault, gave the Keys a gyro compass and horizon indicator. A. D. Hunter and Willie Sullivan overhauled the engine, fashioning new exhaust pipes of aluminum. A team of doctors heard about the flight and came up with a series of exercises, similar to those used by modern astronauts, to keep the marathon fliers in condition.

Enthusiasm had flagged, however, by the time the Keys were finally ready for their third attempt a year later. Newspapers paid scant attention to the latest preparations, and the crowd at the airfield when they took off numbered barely a hundred. Some of the spectators looked suspiciously like anxious cotton farmers.

The ones who were entitled to be genuinely anxious at day were the Keys, who had plunged every cent into the project. And if anyone needed a little luck about this time, they did. Failure would

continued

almost certainly doom the tiny airport, not to mention the Keys' financial rating, but they took off at 12:32 p.m. on June 4, 1935 for their third attempt.

For a change, things began almost routinely. The brothers slept in short takes, averaging about four hours a day each. *Ole Miss* burned up 10 gallons of gasoline per hour, and took four refueling rendezvous every day to keep them aloft. After the fuel was taken aboard, oil was lowered in a canvas bag, and another canvas bag, weighted with 30 pounds of buckshot for stability in the prop wash, held hot food and great quantities of orange juice from Henry Weidmann's restaurant.

Thunderstorms spoiled several refueling rendezvous. At these times the Keys relied on their wing tanks, with an extra 16 hours of gasoline, to carry them through. Both brothers developed muscular right arms from operating the wobbly pump that transferred fuel from one tank to another. They also lost 20 pounds each during the flight.

When they had been in the air for 10 days the press decided their challenge was serious, and after two weeks reporters began checking in at Meridian's hotels. European newspapers began to post reports of the flight on bulletin boards outside their offices. On June 14 the Hunter brothers, holders of the official record, sent the Keys an encouraging telegram. Eight days later they flew through their 421st hour, passing Jackson and O'Brine's old official mark. Now they began the countdown on the Hunters' record.

To pass the time, they read fan letters dropped to them with their meal pouches. The noise of the unrefueled engine discouraged small talk, but the maintenance and refueling schedule—not to mention the danger—kept them from being bored, and despite the minimal exercise, they found no difficulty in sleeping.

*Ole Miss* flew at a steady 90 to 100 mph in a general circle around Meridian. A friend asked them by radio to pass over his house at five o'clock each morning to let his wife know things were O.K. But the Keys altered course only to escape foul weather.

Their first major crisis came on June 24, in the 485th hour of the flight. An ab-

scess had developed under one of Al's teeth, and the pain soon became acute. Their father, Dr. E. B. Key, radioed medical advice, but the abscess—aggravated by lack of sleep—failed to improve. Finally Dr. Key called in a dentist who took over the radio and gave the brothers instructions on lancing the abscess. The requisite equipment—cotton, iodine and a curved surgical needle—were already aboard. So Al wrapped cotton around the needle, saturated it with iodine and plunged it into the abscess. The result was immediate relief, followed by almost a full day of sleep.

Meanwhile, Fred had two mishaps while acting as crew. Once he was momentarily stunned when the heavy refueling hose slipped out of his hands and struck him in the face. Later, when he was on the catwalk greasing the engine rocker arms, *Ole Miss* hit a pocket of turbulent air, bucked and towed him overboard. He was fortunately rigged with an electrical lineman's harness that saved his life, but Al was shaken to see his brother dangling by a single strap. Fred pulled himself back into the plane hand over hand. From there on, things were smoother.

At 3:13 p.m. on June 27 the Keys broke the Hunter brothers' record. Several thousand people gathered at the airport, and a band played *Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow*. Fred Key's wife and son went up in a plane to fly alongside the record setters. Al radioed the crowd that the flight would continue until the Fourth of July.

With the record safely in hand, a playful friend almost ended the flight tragically. As a gag, Jimmy Hazelup approached the Keys' plane in his own craft one night, with all lights extinguished. When he was nearly upon the *Ole Miss*, Hazelup suddenly flashed on his landing lights. Al was at the controls and put *Ole Miss* into a desperation dive that spread their evening meal all over the cabin. When the brothers got themselves together again, they let Hazelup know their opinion of his joke.

On June 29 Chennault and the Air Corps' Flying Trapeze team saluted the Keys with one of their performances. On the same day the airport—now saved from mules and plowshares—was renamed Key Field. On the 30th Jimmy

Keeton (retired recently after years as a United Air Lines pilot) took a newsreel cameraman up early in the morning, hoping to get some good footage of one of the brothers asleep. Again Al thought a collision was imminent and put *Ole Miss* into a steep dive. This time an oil can sailed through the cabin and shorted the radio wires, igniting the insulation. Al quickly cut the battery switch and the blaze was smothered with a fire extinguisher. New wire was sent up and the damage later repaired.

Shortly afterward Fred discovered the right tire was flat. A stunt parachutist from New York volunteered to transfer to *Ole Miss*, repair the tire and parachute to earth. This notion was rejected, however, and the Keys flew on with their deflated wheel.

The flight finally ended three days early, over another problem. The left stabilizer fittings and belts had worn away, making control during refueling difficult. Also, the brothers worried that the stabilizer might fail while one of them was asleep, making escape from the cramped bunk impossible. And so, on July 1, Al Key radioed the ground crew to prepare for a landing late in the afternoon. Word spread quickly and by six p.m. 30,000 spectators crowded the field for the set-down.

At 6:06 p.m. the Key brothers, soaked through with oil, landed at Key Field. They had been in the air for 27 days, almost 654 hours, which was seven hours longer than the Jackson and O'Brine unofficial record. They had used 6,000 gallons of gasoline and 300 gallons of oil; had made 438 midair refuelings and supply contacts. The 165-hp, Wright J-6-5 engine had turned the propeller a total of 61,217,700 times and carried the Keys 52,320 miles.

Afterward, an oil company sponsored a national tour for *Ole Miss*. When World War II erupted, the Keys joined the Air Corps and the plane was dismantled and stored away. Fred Key died last year. Al, who has been mayor of Meridian for seven years, flies 30 hours a month in his single-engine Cessna. In 1965 the Smithsonian Institution put *Ole Miss* on display around the corner from the Wright brothers' spindly craft and Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis*.

They made a nice set. END

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## A roundup of the week Oct. 24-30

**HARRIS'S HARBINGER**—America's top 3-year-old fillet, SEPTER BAY L (32-10), a half-sister Stanley Hamer, registered for LTR subcommittee, with a half-length victory over Askani in 1994, in the \$20,000 Island Branded Snake at Hollywood Park. Back in New York the following night, Har-

**CREDITS**  
34 Anna-Li A. 25 A. B. 36, 41



**GENNIS DONAHUE**, 17, goals for the Wellesley (Mass.) Youth soccer team on its English tour, allowed 28 goals and made 100 saves as his team compiled a 4-4-1 record against British youth teams. After two contests he was given the Man of the Match award.

24 Anna, David 25 A. B. 26, 41  
W. M., Jones 31 Abraham, J. 32 Wm. E. Jones  
E. M. Jones 33 P. M. Jones 34 W. M. Jones  
35 C. W. Jones 36 W. M. Jones 37 W. M. Jones  
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98 W. M. Jones 99 W. M. Jones 100 W. M. Jones

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## BOX SCORE

Sirs,

Regarding Ron Finn's article "I Bo Brewster for the Little League" (Oct. 23), I don't know how or why the belief that the National League is superior to the American League came into vogue in recent years, but it is a belief that cannot be substantiated in fact.

After every baseball season, previewers look at the batting averages in the two leagues and declare the National the best, based on the fact that it has more 300-plus hitters. But hitting is not the name of the game in modern-day baseball. The game today is pitching, and the American League has the best pitchers. The National League may have more power hitters, but if they faced the American League's pitching day in and day out, they would not be nearly as impressive. Take a look at the records of the supposed power hitters of the National League for the last two or three All-Star Games and the World Series. What is more, the National League plays more often on artificial turf, which tends to inflate batting averages.

The hard-cold facts of major league baseball are: (1) the American League leads in World Series victories, 41-28, and (2) the American League trails the National League by only six victories, 24-18, in All-Star Games.

I am not saying the American League is better than the National, but clearly the reverse is not true either.

JOHN A. SCHNEIDER JR.

Bay Village, Ohio

Sirs,

Have you no pity? The poor fans of Cleveland have suffered through 18 agonizing seasons with their penniless Indians. And now that your magazine has finally seen fit to mention an event from the last World Series in which the Tribe participated, you blew it. I am referring to Ron Finn's article in which he acknowledges the great catch of Willie Mays off the bat of "Demetrius" Vic Wertz. While this is not a play Cleveland followers enjoy being reminded of, it is, nonetheless, probably the only significant event that ever occurred in a Cleveland World Series. So please give credit where credit is due. Wertz was a Detroit Tiger for a long time, but in 1954 he was an Indian, and I am sure Tribe boosters would like him remembered as such.

JOE WAGNER

Athens, Ohio

• It was a team error. Ron Finn wrote about the slip, but the correction failed to make it to the printers. —ED.

## SUICIDE SQUADS

Sirs,

Thank you very much for a well-done article on specialty teams in general and those of the Washington Redskins in particular (*Suicide Squad*, Oct. 23). Ted Vactor, Bill Mahinchak, Jon Jaqua & Co. have one of the more thankless jobs in pro football. But with these guys blocking punts, kicks and various downfield defenders, and with Mars Levy at the helm, it should be a super (bowl) year.

J. KATH GARLAND

Washington, D.C.

## JACK SCOTT

Sirs,

I thought you'd never get around to writing an article about Jack Scott. But you did (*Jeepers! Preppers Is in Charge Now*, Oct. 23), and I'm sure a lot of other people enjoyed reading it as much as I did.

Scott is not really such a radical, it's just that many physical educators and coaches are inflexible. They are opposed to and afraid of any changes that require more effort, human effort, on their part.

I hope Scott succeeds in making more people aware of the benefits that a physical-education and/or sports program can bring to our society, benefits in addition to the enjoyment of winning. Congratulations to Robert Fuller, new president of Oberlin College, for having the courage and intelligence to hire Jack Scott.

(MISS) BERT PETERLIN

Davis, Calif.

Sirs,

One of Jack Scott's most important premises is that the end does not justify the means in college athletics. Yet in his rush to further his noble experiment of sports sociology at Oberlin, Scott has employed a common big-time athletic tactic of driving out almost all of the previous staff in his department. Oberlin, with its keen sense of ethics, should soon realize whether Scott is a phony or merely insensitive.

JANIS B. CORRIE

Durham, N.C.

Sirs:

As a former basketball player and graduate of Oberlin College, I am in complete agreement with Jack Scott's values and with his plans for sports at Oberlin. But when a man of Coach Bill Grace's stature has to leave Oberlin, then something is rotten in my alma mater.

MALCOLM GRIFFITH  
Assistant Professor of English  
University of Washington

Seattle

Sirs,

The juxtaposition in your Oct. 23 issue of the articles on Jack Scott and Pee Wee football (*Smaller or Later, Champions*) was nothing short of ironic. All that is wrong with amateur athletics and all that Jack Scott is fighting against is born throughout the country in just such kiddie leagues. Although Jay Cronley's article dealt with some of the more humorous aspects, it is here that winning at all costs is best emphasized by frustrated Vince Lombardi. If only all kiddie athletics were as innocent, fun and fruitful as Mr. Cronley's.

If Scott can influence others in his profession, then perhaps all athletic experiences, from elementary school right on through to the professional ranks, will be richer. Jack Scott, we all need you, and I look forward to your success.

RICHARD GLOVER

Piedmont, Calif.

## CANNONADE

Sirs,

Allow me to express my thanks to Brock Yates and Sports Illustration for the inspirational article on the Cannonball Baker coast-to-coast auto race (*From Sea to Speeding Sea*, Oct. 23). It should provide every rugged individualist in the Ayn Rand mold with the motivation to break free of the social contract and participate in no-holds-barred road races, either and yon. The only difference, of course, is that they will be unlikely to possess the athletic ability of Dan Gurney or a superb machine like the Ferrari. But then, that should make it just that much more interesting for those of us who, along with our wives and children, happen to be sharing their racetracks with them. Bon voyage!

JON G. MARBLE

Parkville, AFB, Fla.

Sirs,

I enjoyed the piece by Brock Yates. Whether or not the Cannonball Baker Memorial Race was morally right or wrong is unimportant. It is the spirit behind the race that counts. In a day and age when we are all told to be practical and realistic and where safety and security are obsessions with society, Yates stands out as someone different. As long as the present trend continues, the spirit of adventure will be destroyed. No longer will young men grow up with dreams of sailing ships and flying machines. They will grow up to be robots in a mechanized society. Thanks to Brock Yates and SI for adding a little color to a society that is rapidly becoming colorless.

JOHN RUEDA JR.

Bayside, N.Y.

continued

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